Vol. CXLI. No. 1838

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THE BYSTANDER March 8, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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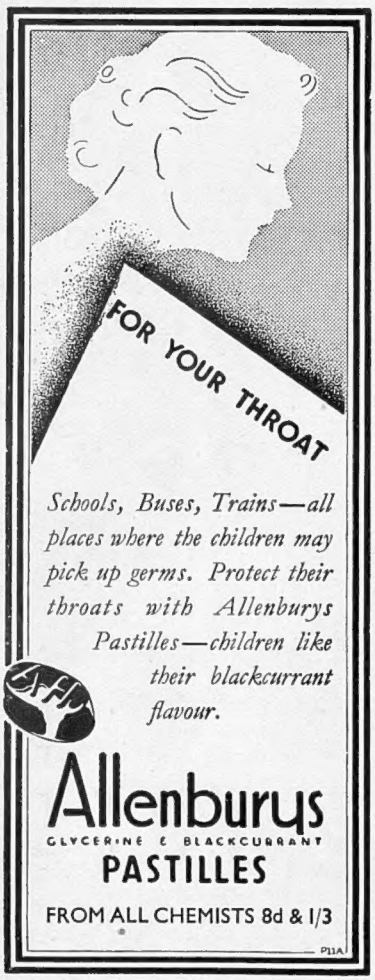

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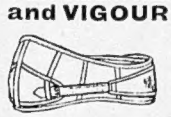

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The Bystander, March 8, 1939 No. 1838. Vol. CXLI.

The Bystander

Greer Garson and Robert Donat: Mr. and Mrs. Chips

Just completed at Denham is M.-G.-M.'s version of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, the James Hilton story which was first a best-seller, then a play. Greer Garson and Robert Donat take the parts filled by Constance Cummings and Leslie Banks on the stage, and the film will be seen by America first in April, by England soon afterwards (which seems unfair, considering it 's an English story, an English film, with English actors). Greer Garson will cross the Atlantic with the reels, to make another attack on the Hollywood Olympus (illness foiled her first). Robert Donat's contract now gives him six months' holiday, which he may use to make a stage appearance

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

" It is for us the living . . ."

ALMOST every phrase in Lincoln's Gettysburg address has been used again and again. But this year, in the celebration of his birthday on February 12th, this one phrase seemed to quicken into new life. On the same day, there were ceremonies in honour of Pius XI., and it was not only the twenty million Catholics in this country who were sorrowful over the passing of a great Pope.

Abraham Lincoln died at the close of the Civil War, when this country had still to go through the tragic days of reconstruction. Pius XI. has also died at a critical moment in history. Psychologists tell us that everything has meaning according to the way it fits into the frame of reference of all our thinking. It may be the frame of reference for all of us to-day which made this particular phrase of Lincoln's seem most poignant; to belong to the ceremonies for the Pope as well. " It is for us the living," said Lincoln, " rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced."

On the radio, Charles Laughton delivered from London the Gettysburg address, while Raymond Massey in New York read the Cooper Union address. It did not seem incongruous to have Lincoln chiefly represented by an English and a Canadian actor. Americans generally feel closer to the English than the English feel to us. Massey's portrayal of the Emancipator in Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* continues to be a sell-out on Broadway. Lincoln, that troubled, simple man, is the national hero who means most to us now.

Books

MRS. WILSON has written the story of the last years of Woodrow Wilson's life. *As I Saw It* has been running in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and will be issued soon in book form. The president was stricken while on a cross-country speaking tour, endeavouring to win the support of the people for the League of Nations. Edith Bolling Wilson shows her husband as a splendid crusader and a very human person.

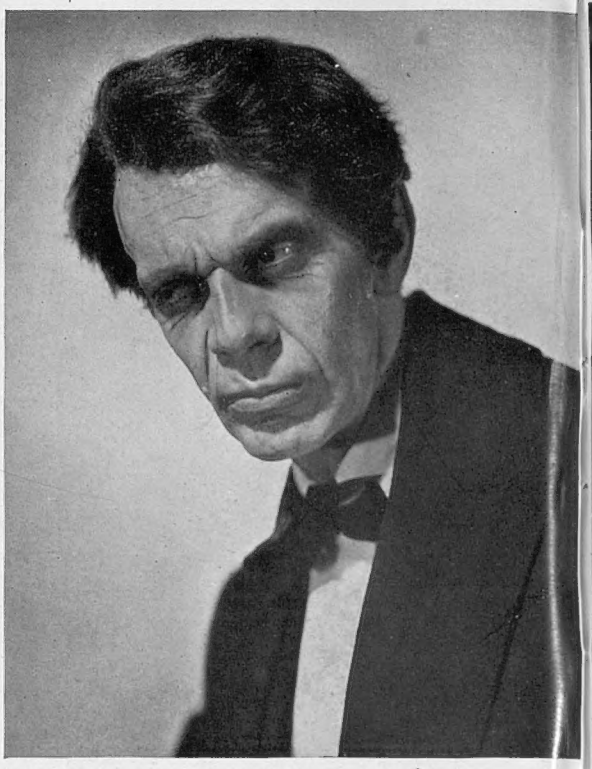
Winners of the awards of the American Booksellers' Association were announced this week. The favourite novel, *Rebecca*, by Daphne du Maurier; favourite non-fiction, *Listen! the Wind*, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh; most original book, *With Malice Towards Some*, Margaret Halsey's somewhat biased account of life among the English.

Films

" GONE WITH THE WIND," movie version, is having difficulties again. David Selznick did not like the script by the dramatist Sidney Howard, and the director, George Cukor, did not want to make the picture without this script. So Cukor has resigned as director, and Victor Fleming has taken it on. Newspaper editors got so tired of the search for a Scarlett O'Hara, that they have played down the final decision to use Vivien Leigh, the English actress.

The movies have been having a little censorship trouble lately, with the New York State Board of Censors prohibiting the showing of the Warner Brothers picture, *Yes, My Darling Daughter*. When this was played on Broadway, nobody found anything in it that " would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime." Another picture recently banned by the censors was *The Puritan*, written and directed by Liam O'Flaherty.

When the attempt is made to censor a book, a vigorous fight is the result, often succeeding in releasing the book, as in the case of James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen*; but when the movie producers tangle with any sort of censorship group, they usually take it, as one critic puts it, " like little gentlemen." Fortunately, in this latest case, Warner Brothers has appealed against the judgment.



***Abraham Lincoln's** speeches were read over the air as part of his birthday celebrations. Raymond Massey (above), who is still playing Lincoln on Broadway, read the Cooper Lawn speech, Charles Laughton read the Gettysburg speech. Massey is reported to be going to act Lincoln in a film of the Sherwood play*

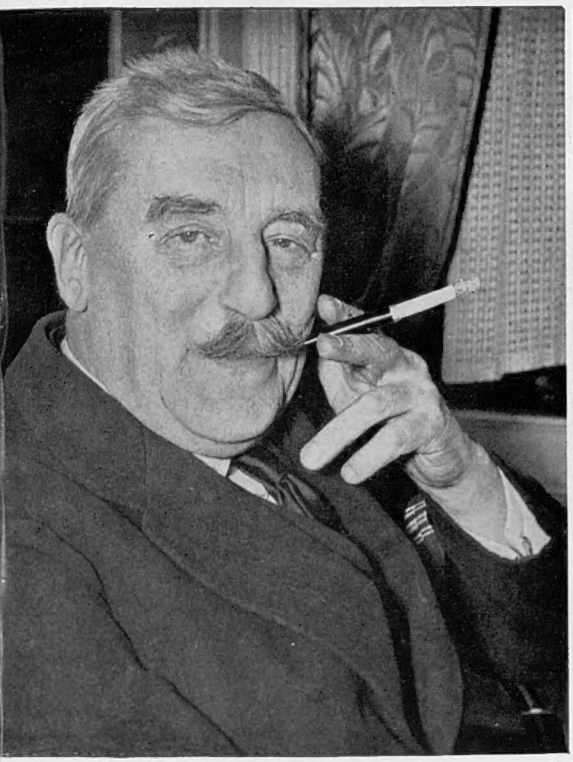
At Night

GLAMOUR GIRL No. 1, Brenda Frazier, is visiting her grandparents in Nassau. A photograph rushed to New York shows her leading a band in a night club there.

In spite of the general doldrums about town, a new night spot has just opened here. This is the Monte Carlo, under the direction of Felix Ferry and Gene Cavallero. Berger, the Colony's chef, will

***After eloping** to Tucson, Arizona, to be married, the Hon. Cecil John Arthur Howard and film actress Frances Drake went back to Beverly Hills, Hollywood, for their honeymoon. He is the brother of the Earl of Suffolk, who five years ago married an English actress, Mimi Crawford*

***Drawing** New York's intelligentsia to the Empire Theatre on Broadway is " Mamba's Daughter," novel by Du Bose Heyward, dramatised by his wife Dorothy Heyward and himself (herewith). They wrote " Porgy," and hope their new show will come to London too. They also run a community theatre in Charleston, South Carolina*



Ambassador *Sir Ronald Lindsay went back to America a week or two ago after his holiday over here The amusing close-up snapshot was taken in his cabin on the Aquitania as she was docking*

Film star *Sonja Henie was dancing at El Morocco in New York with Philip Reed as partner. He has been making a film in England, and was on his way back to Hollywood*

Film star *Errol Flynn, also at El Morocco, was dancing La Conga with a young socialite, Gloria Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Armstrong, of New York. His latest "The Dawn Patrol," is a big success at the Warner Theatre*

have thirty assistants in the Monte Carlo kitchen. Early reservations include Mr. and Mrs. Averill Harriman, Condé Nast, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ammidown.

Bea Ammidown won the second prize for the prettiest girl at the El Morocco the other night. The first prize went to Miss June Cox, who was escorted by Franchot Tone. On a coming Sunday night, a group of young ladies were to select the handsomest man, also at El Morocco.

A night club has attracted attention by an advertisement for a singer, with the warning that no socialite young woman need apply. Perhaps the manager objects to the debutantes, who seem to be singing everywhere, taking the caviar away from the girls who really can sing.

Fair in the West

THE San Francisco Fair has got started ahead of the New York World's Fair. The Westerners had been celebrating all week, and the night before the opening they put on a preview over the air, with Indian music, and strolling troubadours singing Spanish ditties, and stories about the preparations to receive the quarter-million visitors expected next day.

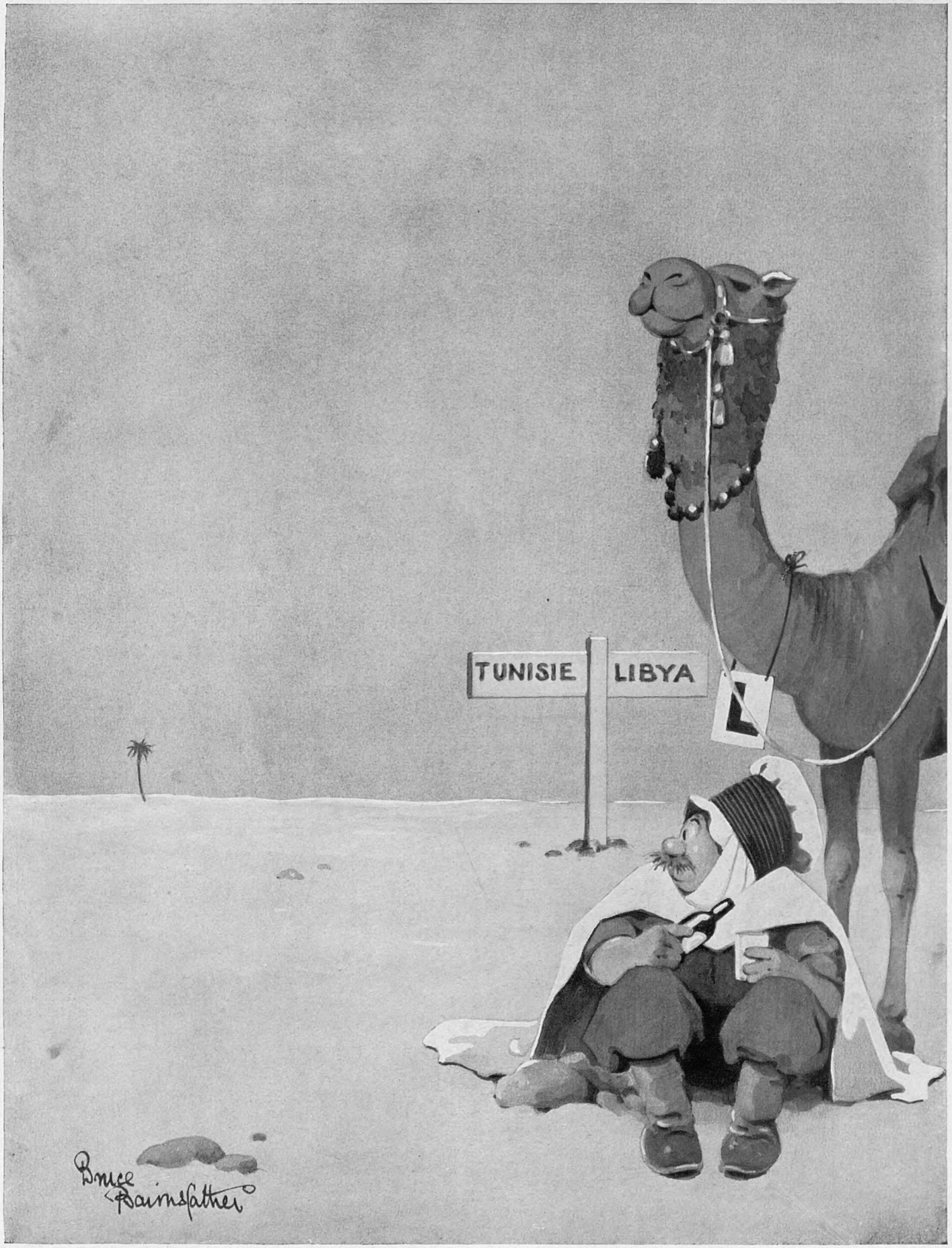
Fifty billion dollars have been spent building and equipping Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay; two million went into trees and flowers alone. The island was illuminated for the pre-view when a ray from the noon-day sun over Bombay, India, set off a radio signal turning on the Treasure Island lighting system.

The Golden Gate International Exposition has 288 days to run.

The stripes *behind its sofa tables have made El Morocco as well known in English illustrated weeklies as it is to night-lifers in New York. These two are Lady Moira Forbes, the Earl of Granard's daughter, and Conte Theo Rossi, a well-known Italian winter sportsman*

The veil, *the billowing dress, the jewels, all belong to Lupe Velez. The mercurial little film actress was waiting at El Morocco in a wistful mood rare to her, anyway in a snapshot. She says she is going to marry a New York playboy as soon as her divorce from Johnny Weissmuller is through*

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather



"Gosh! It would be terrible if France lost all this to Italy"

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Obviously there is no comment which can usefully be made on the election of Pope Pius XII., except to say that he was the right-hand man of Pope Pius XI., one of the greatest Popes who ever lived. Cardinal Pacelli, as Secretary of State, helped Pius XI. to make the policy of "courage and no compromise" which brought the respect of everyone whose respect is worth having. Perhaps the most significant thing about the new Pope's election is that Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, openly expressed his hope that he would not be elected, and grave uneasiness is reported from Berlin.

The recognition of General Franco is unconditional, and the General has categorically stated that he will grant no amnesty for those accused of crime. This is rather sinister, coming, as it does, not so long after the admission that the Burgos authorities had a card-index of more than a million persons accused of crimes. So far as I know, the Burgos authorities have not published their idea of what is a crime and what is merely a political offence. There are certain countries in the world in which political offences are the worst of all crimes, and are punished accordingly. If it turns out that this is the view of Burgos, then the Spanish horror is only half-way through.

It is a long time since there was such bitterness in the House of Commons as there was over the recognition of General Franco. Mr. Attlee took a stronger line in his attack on the Prime Minister than he usually does. Hitherto he has been overawed by the Prime Minister's personality facing him across the boxes, but last week he seemed to have acquired some extra pep from somewhere, and the debate faintly resembled some of the famous Irish debates of long ago. But even when they have a case to argue, and even when they have conjured up a well of moral indignation, the Opposition is still very feeble.

For the hundredth time in history, Poland has become the temporary key to Europe. There was a time when Poland stretched from Riga to Odessa; there was a time when Poland didn't exist; there was a time when Poland saved Christendom, at the gates of Vienna, from the Turk. Now this ancient, Catholic country stands between atheist Russia and militant Prussia. After the war, Poland was in France's orbit. Then she swung dangerously near Prussia's orbit, and now she is recoiling in the direction of her old friends. If Europe comes to another show-down, Poland will be the crucial point.

Liechtenstein is being subjected to strong indirect pressure from Berlin. It is a tiny place of only about sixty square miles, and it lies between Switzerland and what used to be called Austria. (In Vienna there is a world-famous picture-gallery called the Liechtenstein.) But if the tiny Principality amalgamates with Germany, there will be certain ladies and gentlemen who have become citizens of Liechtenstein, and who used to be citizens of Great Britain, who will feel the draught. From all accounts, the taxes in Liechtenstein are not so heavy as they are here.

Maj. George Aylwen, Treasurer of Barts'

Behind the drive for £650,000 for St. Bartholomew's Hospital rebuilding fund is the drive of Major George Aylwen. The hospital treasurer has been known in the City for over forty years, leaving it only to fight in South Africa and France. He is now senior partner in Scrimgeour's, a Lieutenant of the City, and lately Master of the Merchant Taylor's Company. He has used his City influence to enlist for Bart's the Lord Mayor, who has opened a Mansion House fund. Major Aylwen has been treasurer of Bart's since 1937

"Pertinax," the celebrated Paris journalist, thinks that the Red Sea may be the next scene of an "incident." Everyone has their pet theory. Mme. Tabouis has plumped for Tunis. Some have plumped for Holland, others for Danzig or Memel or the Ukraine or Hungary. As all my readers know, I am the only one who is certain to be right, because I have plumped for them all at one time or another.

The Navy estimates are quite terrifying. During the current year a hundred and seventy ships will be completed, advanced, or begun in this country. Nine battleships, twenty-five cruisers, and thirty-nine destroyers are the main items. If trouble comes, the Mediterranean will be so full of ships that no one will be able to move. Except, of course, aeroplanes.

It seems odd to me that the Civil Air Guard should be composed mainly of ladies and gentlemen who have had little experience of flying anyway, and none whatsoever of flying on active service, while at least twenty-five thousand war pilots are debarred from serving owing to their age. As a correspondent in the *Times* points out, a man in the forties may not be suitable for flying the

New Proconsul

Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, seen with his wife, has been appointed Governor of South Australia in succession to Major-General Sir Winston Duncan. The new governor, knighted in 1936, has sat for Kincardine 1923-29, and since 1931.

New Envoy

With the recognition of General Franco, his representative in Great Britain, the Duke of Alba, rose in status from agent to accredited envoy and took over the Spanish Embassy in Belgrave Square. The Duke, seen at the Embassy after hoisting the new flag, bears the attainted English dukedom of Berwick

A Family Party Leaves the Levee

Viscount Stonehaven, G.C.M.G., D.S.O., was presented to the King by the Prime Minister at last week's Levee, on being created a Viscount. He in turn presented his two sons. The elder is the Hon. Ian Baird (right), to whom a son and heir was born a week before the Levee. The younger is Pilot-Officer the Hon. Robert Baird, who is being married in three weeks' time to Miss Gelda MacGregor of Cardney

A Yorkshire Party Goes to Downing Street

Mr. T. H. Elliott, J.P. (left), chairman of the Pontefract Division of Yorkshire, and Mr. Lionel Wigram, the prospective National candidate, went to 10, Downing Street for Mrs. Chamberlain's political At Home last Thursday. Mrs. Wigram (with the muff) and Mrs. Elliott went with them. As Mrs. Chamberlain had 'flu, her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Lloyd, received the guests. Mr. Wigram was adopted prospective candidate for Pontefract last December, in place of the Liberal-National candidate, Mr. Victor Seely, who had retired

modern fast fighters, but surely he would be capable of doing the hack-work, and thus releasing younger men for the actual fighting. As a matter of fact, this does not apply only to the Air Force. The country is full of ex-officers who are not wanted for anything except Air Raid Wardenship. Their war experience is practically wasted.

At last an evacuation scheme has been produced in case of an emergency. At the moment there is to be no compulsion on householders to billet children and, in spite of some notable exceptions, there has been a great readiness by householders to volunteer. But there is one crucial point on which Mr. Walter Elliot kept silence when he was outlining the policy. And that point is whether or not it is patriotic for the surplus population to leave threatened areas. Many people have asked me: "Ought I to leave, or ought I to stay?" The answer obviously is that every single person who can get out of the threatened areas ought to get out, if only to make things a little easier for the Air Raid Wardens. But the Government will not say so officially.

The B.B.C. has published its Annual Report, and it is announced that during 1938 its income reached the record total of £3,800,000. The two points which strike the ordinary man in the street are, firstly, that £350,000 was spent on television, which does not touch a hundredth part of one per cent. of listeners, and the other is that, whereas nineteen per cent. of the income went on artists and speakers, etc., more than eleven per cent. went on salaries for the Programme Staff. There does seem to be a disproportion here.

Chancing to be at Brighton for the week-end, I dropped in to the Theatre Royal to see the first night of Mr. Keith Winter's new play, which came to London yesterday. Naturally, I will not trespass on the preserves of my colleague, Mr. Farjeon, but I think I am in order in saying that, in my opinion, Miss Adrianne Allen gives the finest performance of her career; in the American phrase, "She steals the play."

A few weeks ago I appealed on this page for help for the Actors' Refugee Committee. Six German actors were in deadly danger of their lives if they could not come to this country by February 28th. But all has ended happily. The money was subscribed, and the Home Office came nobly forward with the necessary visas. To those of my readers who helped, I offer my warmest thanks.

London's theatres are dwindling in number. One old landmark after another is going the way of all things. Leicester Square, at one time the synonym for theatrical glitter, now has no theatre at all. The Alhambra, the Empire and Daly's have gone. Last November the Royalty closed its doors for the last time. Last week the Lyceum was sold to make way for business premises, and now even the Gaiety is threatened. Unless a large sum is spent on improvements its licence will not be renewed. Shut your eyes and try to imagine London without the Gaiety. It is a fantasy, but it is a fantasy that is dangerously likely to become a fact.

The latest figures show that badminton is still on the up-grade in this country. It is one of the mysteries that squash rackets should get such enormous publicity and badminton should get practically none. There is no comparison between the two games. Badminton is fast, skilful, and full of infinite variety. Squash rackets is just a pain in the neck.

Once again it must be recorded that Edrich is the most fortunate cricketer of modern times. Failure after failure in Test Matches has not prevented him from being invariably chosen to play for England. And, as I have said before, I wonder, if he would have had so many chances if he had come from Lancashire or Yorkshire. The Southerner does seem to get a fair share of opportunity.

That absurdly ugly house, The Pines, which stands at the foot of Putney Hill, is to be sold. Every time I pass it I marvel once again how Swinburne could have lived there and turned out his glowing jingles behind that monstrous Victorian, suburban ugliness.

The unemployed have been lying down in the lobby of the House of Commons as a protest against something or other. Although I have spent many months in the Press Gallery of the House listening to debates, and looking at the Members, wild horses would not make me suggest that some of the Members might just as well have lain down too.

Dorothy Wilding

The Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner

It was more or less a Roland for an Oliver when we sent Lord Tweedsmuir to Canada and Canada sent Mr. Vincent Massey here. For the High Commissioner is a man of culture, with a patronly and practising interest in the arts, a book to his credit, and a penchant for the drama which he indulges vicariously through his brother Raymond. The Massey family are New World aristocrats of several generations' standing. Their money comes from the Massey-Harris farm implements concern, from which Mr. Massey sold out just before the slump, and their culture from Toronto University and Balliol, Oxford (a younger generation Massey at Balliol coxes the Dark Blues). Vincent Massey was born in 1887—his birthday was last month—and in his fifty-odd years he has reaped honours as his harvesting machines reaped the prairies. His honorary degrees are fifteen, his presidencies, chairmanships and trusteeships are legion. His first political post was a ministry without portfolio (1925), then a delegation to the London Imperial Conference was followed by his appointment as Canadian Minister at Washington, where he spent four years. He has been at Canada House since 1935, and is just now deep in arrangements for the royal visit to his continent

Triple Entente in Hollywood

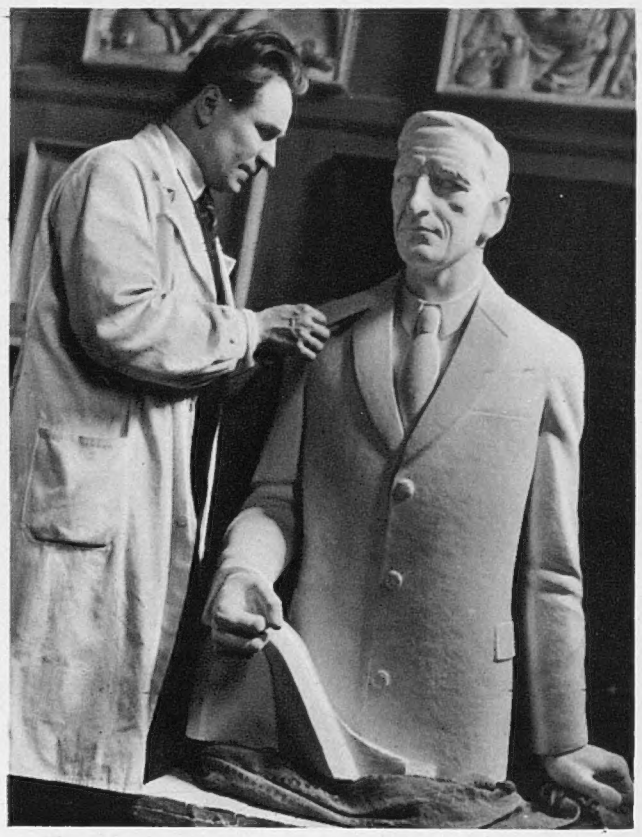
This cigarette-smoking, sofa scene shows Bette Davis, Edmund Goulding and Geraldine Fitzgerald before a take of "Dark Victory," the film in which Miss Davis acts a socialite given only ten months to live. Director Goulding is British, newcomer Geraldine is Irish. Bette Davis, with Spencer Tracy, has for the second time won the Motion Picture Academy's award for her acting in "Jezebel"

Vienna to Putney

Eighteen years ago Alfred Piccaver, a British engineer, went to Austria on holiday, stayed to become one of the stars of the Vienna opera. Now the tenor has returned to London with his Czech wife, settled in Putney to plan a new phase of his career

A Daughter for "Eliza"

Wendy Hiller, who made her name in "Love on the Dole," but is better known to more people as Eliza Doolittle in the film "Pygmalion," last month presented her husband, Mr. Ronald Gow, with a daughter. The child is to be called Ann



German Sculpts Irishman

Professor Friedrich Herkner is at work on the first sculpted portrait done of Mr. de Valera. Though the Irish P.M. did not sit for the artist, the likeness is considered good. It will be on view at the Royal Hibernian Academy

Not Idle Hands

Lord Gainford, seventy-nine-year-old Liberal statesman, is an embroiderer. He found good opportunity to indulge this hobby on the Strathmore's cruise to the West Indies last month, during which this picture was taken

The Comédie Française in London

The theatrical event of last week and probably of this year was the visit of "La Française" to the Savoy Theatre, where seven full-house performances were given, including three to royalty. Here the Administrator-General, M. Edouard Bourdet, is flanked by the doyen of the company, M. André Brunot, and Mlle. Madeleine Renaud

The four figures below are Lady Antrim and her sculpted group portraying Fascist dictatorship forcing its youth to acts of barbarity — i.e., flogging a stricken woman (for whom the sculptor's sister-in-law, Mrs. Christopher Sykes, posed). Certain countries are plainly ruled out of the market as buyers for this work

Personality News Reel

The Arts and Their Devotees

Christopher Richard Wynne Nevinson, A.R.A.

Last week's elections at the Royal Academy made C. R. W. Nevinson an Associate. Nevinson, who is forty-nine, got his name known as an official painter at the front — after two years' fighting there. His most recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries opened last month

Anti-Nazi Propaganda in Stone

Social Register

AT THE THEATRE

Lord and Lady De La Warr, M. Corbin

The French Ambassador was in the Royal Box at the Savoy Theatre on the opening night of the Comédie Française season, and gave a reception afterwards at the French Embassy in honour of the visiting company. Here he is with Earl and Countess De La Warr, who had seats in the stalls

Lord Bessborough, Lady Maugham, Lady Bessborough, Lord Maugham

The Lord Chancellor and Lady Maugham sat in the Royal Box on the opening night with the French Ambassador. They were received at the theatre by the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. Lord Bessborough was chairman of the Anglo-French Art and Travel Association Committee under whose auspices the Comédie Française came to London. Lady Bessborough, who is herself French, is vice-chairman of the Association

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. McKenzie and Miss Pamela Fisher

Malcolm McKenzie, only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. E. McKenzie, of Langford, Jersey, and Pamela Fisher, only daughter of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher and Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, have announced their engagement. Her brother Nigel is married to Lord and Lady Lisburne's elder daughter

Mr. Smyley and Miss Diana Mills

Left: Richard Patrick Smyley, 13th/18th Hussars, and Diana Mills, engaged two weeks ago, were at the Aldershot Military Meeting. He is the elder son of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyley, of Sweethay Court, Taunton, Somerset. She is the only daughter of H.C.G. Mills, of New York, and Mrs. Mills, of 6, Neville Terrace, S.W.7

Below: Lady Morris took her family of four on a Park outing one sunny morning last week. Her daughters, Aislinn and Clodagh, are five and three, and her twin sons, Michael and Patrick, were a year old last December

Lady Morris and Her Daughters and Twin Sons

Miss Clarissa Churchill, Lord Oxford

The Earl of Oxford and Asquith and Miss Clarissa Churchill were also at the opening night at the Savoy to see Molière's "L'Ecole des Maris" and Alfred de Musset's "Le Chandelier." Every seat for the seven performances was sold before the season began

AT A DINNER BALL

Mrs. Frank D'Arcy and Lady Vansittart

Lady Vansittart, president of the British Industries Fair dinner-ball, received from Mrs. Frank D'Arcy, organiser of the ball, the "key of peace and industry" made of red, white and blue flowers. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain was prevented by influenza from receiving the guests and the key at the ball, but the key and an "umbrella" clock were sent on to her by Lady Vansittart

Right: Lord and Lady Swinfen's son and heir was christened Roger Mynors Swinfen at All Hallows-by-the-Tower. Lady Swinfen was Mary Mynors Farmar before her marriage

A CHRISTENING

Lord and Lady Swinfen and Their Son

AT A FILM PREMIERE

Miss Samuel, Miss Bowring Toms

Lady Alexander once more collected a baich of pretty girls to sell programmes—this time for the "Gunga Din" premiere in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the rebuilding of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. With her, on the left, are Barbara and Daphne Holmes, daughters of Sir Maurice Holmes, and above are the Hon. Rosetta Mancroft Samuel, Lord Mancroft's younger daughter, and Pamela Bowring Toms

IN THE PARK

Little Lord Furneaux

The Countess of Birkenhead went walking with her small son, Viscount Furneaux, christened Frederick William Robin, and three years old next month. Keeping them company, Lady Isabel Guinness

Miss Barbara Holmes, Lady Alexander, Miss Daphne Holmes

Florida Sun Season

Palm Beach Golf

Sir Adrian Baillie and his piquantly pretty step-daughter, Pauline Winn, were golfers at the Palm Beach Country Club. Miss Winn, who is a quarter American through her grandmother, Lord Queenborough's first wife, was a debutante last year

Home Last Week

Viscount and Viscountess Knollys arrived back in England last week after a three months' business and pleasure motor tour of the United States. Their trip included Hobe Sound, one of Florida's smaller resorts, and there this beach snapshot was taken

Tombstone Competitor

Mrs. Ruth Wardell played in the oddly-named Tombstone competition at the Seminole Country Club, with Lord Carnarvon as her partner and a coloured boy to carry her clubs. She is Sir Kenneth Crossley's second daughter

Painter Guest

On Hobe Sound's uncrowded beach the sea's pleasant temperature is 72 degrees, umbrellas and chairs cost 15 cents a day. Mr. Simon Elwes, standing by the information board, was staying with Mr. "Sonny" Whitney and painting his host's portrait

After Helping Herself

The Seminole Country Club runs a Sunday help-yourself luncheon which is famous. Mrs. Francis Pershing had just tried it. She was Muriel Richards before she married the American General's son. Was visiting her grandfather, Mr. Jules Bache

Golf Again

The Earl of Carnarvon, benignly smoking a cigar, was with Mrs. Archie Campbell and Mrs. Mesker, at whose villa Mrs. Campbell was staying. The setting was again the Seminole Country Club. Lord Carnarvon's partner, Mrs. Wardell, appears above

Fly in the Jordan ointment: Sepha Treble

Eyeless woman: Edna Best

Death-masked: Richard Ainley

Johnsons under Jordan: Victoria Hopper, Christopher Quest

Sketches by Rouson

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Johnson Over Jordan" (New)

MR. PRIESTLEY'S latest play is as disappointing as it is ambitious; and since it is extremely ambitious, the disappointment is considerable. A good deal had been said beforehand of the various arts that were to be enlisted in aid of the Basil Dean production, as ballet, music, masks. But, in the event, what turned up was nothing more interesting than our old friend Expressionism repeating its well-worn tricks. The only surprising thing about them was that Mr. Priestley should not have avoided them. The central figure of the piece is one Robert Johnson, who typifies the soul-struggle in the plain, standardised, yet spiritually unstandardisable men, very much as another Johnson typified it in *The Melody That Got Lost*. Through that play, which broke out at regular intervals into a "Song of the Johnsons," the name of Johnson ran like a refrain. So it does through *Johnson Over Jordan*. It is hard to understand why Mr. Priestley, if not aware of this, was not warned of it—for Mr. Basil Dean, the ingénue in both pieces being played by his wife, Miss Victoria Hopper, can scarcely have been ignorant of the similarity.

BUT expressionistic plays would seem to be as standardised as the people whose standardisation they commonly deplore. Take the three acts in which Mr. Priestley exhibits his Johnson after death in a state of suspended animation between Heaven (or whatever it may be) and earth. The first act is a grim harlequinade of business experience. Has there ever been an expressionist play in which a multiplication of typists and stenographers refrained from leaping out of the void to answer with one voice, or with one gesture, the call of the boss? Or in which big business men, moving like automatons, refrained from registering the state of the market in jerky, megaphonic, dot-and-dash sentences? The second act passes from business to pleasure, from anxiety to lust. Has there ever been an expressionist play from which the famous night-club scene, with bestial dancers in masks and greedy proprietors pandering to the flesh-diet of their clients, has been absent? If anything isn't new, this isn't. And Mr. Priestley just about our best playwright, too!

Johnson: Ralph Richardson

THE third act, in the Inn at the End of the World, is peace and quiet, with a cavalcade of all the simple things that were best in Johnson's life, including the clown who made him laugh, the cricketer who made a century for him, the clean-limbed schoolmaster who was so nice to him, and a show of characters, including Mr. Pickwick, Falstaff and Don Quixote, but not Barrie or Maeterlinck. Did my ears deceive me, or did Don Quixote explain that, though he was getting old, whenever Johnson thought of him, he got a bit younger. The gods forbid that Johnson should think of him too much!

A magnificent performance by Mr. Ralph Richardson is the salvation of the evening. The final fall of the curtain on the second night was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm, so this may be just not my cup of tea. But a cup of tea is what I like from Mr. Priestley, its quality being much more refreshing and mysterious than the complicated brew of familiar constituents now offered at the New Theatre.

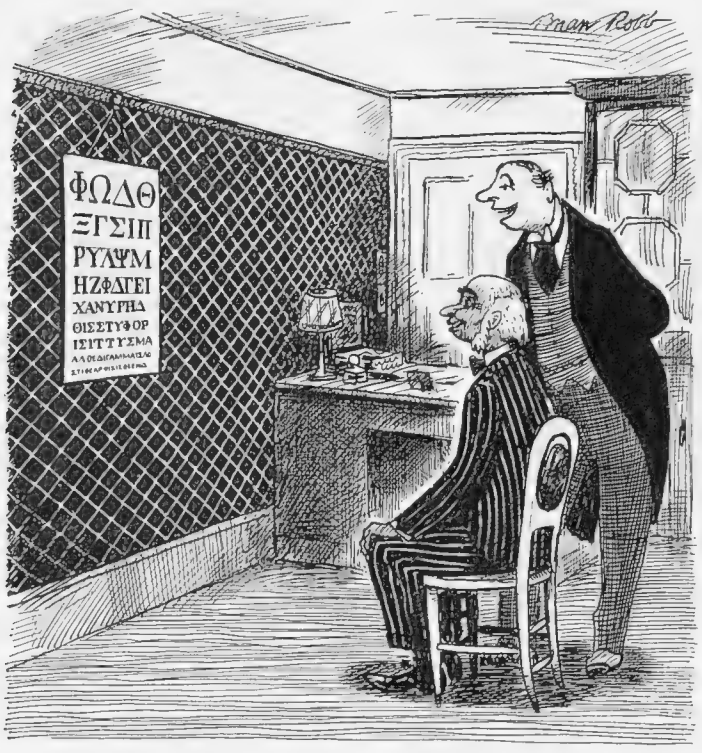
Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FAR better than those dainty steel shelters and infinitely better than those idiotic trenches in the parks, most of which are straight and therefore suicidal, as every soldier knows, seems to be the Home Office's latest scheme for utilising impregnable natural underground shelters like Godstone Caves in Surrey, which are the remains of the old grey-stone workings, 80 to 100 feet deep, honeycombed with galleries, studded with fresh springs of drinkable water, camouflaged by kindly Dame Nature, D.B.E., with thick screens of trees, and possessing miles of passages and at least half a dozen entrances. Thousands of troglodytes evacuated from London could live tranquilly for weeks, given organised food-supplies, in caves like these, cocking a long snook at any raiding air force in the world. There are similar practicable retreats all over the country, including the famous stalactite-hung electric-lit caves of Cheddar Gorge, if the owner doesn't mind waiving the present entrance-fee, and the old Cornish tin-mines, which are haunted by demons but otherwise agreeable. An interesting experience it will undoubtedly prove when the time comes, and a new social technique may spring from this cave life, such as clubbing fractious or boring women and tearing and devouring raw meat with the fingers.

What will happen when the troglodytes emerge will also be interesting, especially if London is a smoking ruin — which in many ways, as H. G. Wells once conjectured, musing on the enormous vileness of the town, wouldn't be a bad thing. Then at last would come somebody's chance to trot out those plans whereby Wren could have made post-Fire London a noble, airy, and classic metropolis, a second Athens if he hadn't been defeated by City greed. As his successor will be again in 19—, we dare prophesy.

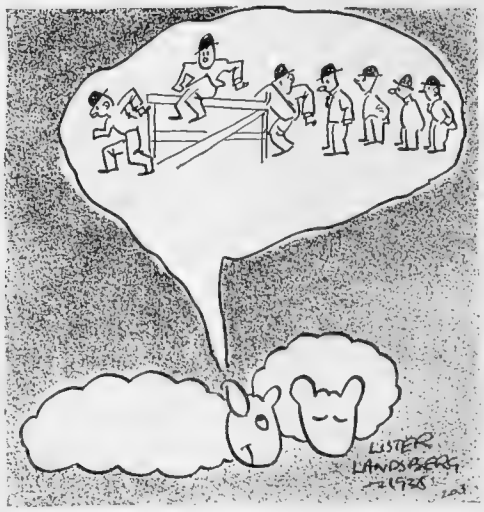


"We got it in specially, Professor"

Hoofer

THE emancipation of the countryside from outworn ideals is not proceeding too smoothly, we perceive. The scanty attire of a lady who recently danced slave-dances at the Old Folks' Treat in a village in Northamptonshire and used the Baptist vestry as a dressing-room has awakened much the same misgivings among the rural population as Maud Allan's "Salome" dance awakened in the national breast all those years ago. Compared with the average modern cabaret show-girl or fan-dancer, Miss Allan wore as much warm, sensible clothing as the wife of a retired Major out beagling, but your Great-Uncle Joseph will tell you what a quiver of delicious horror rippled up and down the spine of the Island Race when that worthy lady, whose feet were totally nude, began her arabesques and gyrations with the property head of Iokanaan. Nowadays the metropolitan citizenry—even the bald and elderly portion—is pretty blasé with stage nudism, a dreary spectacle at the best, and in New York, its spiritual home, one or two of the Brothers Minsky's hottest cuties have actually chucked it and become police-women, just for the exotic thrill of wearing clothes again.

Apropos, a ravishing police-woman of the Social Squad whom a chap we know met recently in a night-club, where she was acting as agent-provocatrice, rolling big violet eyes and trying to nab the proprietor, told him nothing is nicer than slipping out of one's evening gown and jewels into uniform and exchanging Louis XV. shoes for the old regulation whackers. A moment later



(avers this chap) there was a raid. There was quite a lot of embarrassed laughter when the entire gay throng except himself and the staff turned out to be Social Squad sleuths on duty, trailing each other unbeknownst.

Bombshell

WITHOUT so much as with your leave or by your leave, without explanation or apology, Auntie *Times* broke the other day, to the dismay of all, into runcible verse on Page 17. It turned out to be a quatrain on the Dionne Quintuplets, and what chiefly consternated us—and, no doubt, masses of admirals and Civil Servants Class I. equally—was the fact that it was not signed by or attributed to the Poet Laureate or any other of Auntie's regulars. Studying it closely—

> The Dionne Quins in their quintuplicity
> Consider they 've had enough publicity,
> And propose to spend the rest of their lives
> In playing a private game of Fives.

—we couldn't think of any eminent living poet to pin it on to except Humbert Wolfe; but, as you observe, each line begins with a capital letter, which rules out Mr. Wolfe. None of the bouncing Left Wing boys would stoop to such bourgeois ideology, and it hasn't enough "bite," let alone ferocity, for the Cyrano of the Right Wing, Mr. Roy Campbell. So our conclusion is that one of Auntie's own boys wrote it *tout de go*, chuckling in his long silvery beard, and took it on to Conference and showed it to Mr. Dawson, who laughed consumedly and said: "Wilberforce, this is good enough for *Punch*!" which by Heaven is no exaggeration but the stark and painful truth.

Whether this indicates a new policy we can't discover. The mere thought is highly uncomfortable. Nobody can quarrel with Auntie for being compelled at intervals to print verse by Laureates, a State obligation admitting of no revolt or appeal, nor can she be blamed when wicked persons put forgeries across her, like that alleged Kipling poem during the war, which was so terrible that nobody could have questioned its authenticity for a moment. But if Auntie 's going to begin letting her own boys run (or stagger) wild among the lower foothills or ant-heaps of Parnassus, where will it end? That 's the question being shouted across the Athenæum smoking-room to-day by wild-eyed bishops, and we 're not surprised.

Tribute

WHILE the projected George V. Memorial or wedding-cake is still perturbing the thoughtful—" It is manifest," observed the chairman of the executive committee smoothly the other day, " that in some quarters at least the design is regarded as open to criticism "—the Asquith memorial statue for the House of Commons is also held up because the authorities can't decide on a sculptor. A chap in close touch tells us there 's a feeling that if Epstein took a large, slightly sinister block of granite and chipped a few odd bits off it, a morning's work, that would be the quickest way out ; but there would infallibly be cries of rage, pain and protest from citizens who don't understand art. At the other end of the queue there are a dozen " conventional " sculptors who can make a statue look like a statue and not a chunk of Nebuchadnezzar's bathroom, a task which would probably take longer and result in just another of those statues one sees round and about. Nobody seems to have asked anybody if a great tribune really needs a statue stuck up amid the chilly Victorian Gothic of the Commons Lobby, in a grim, soapy-smelling atmosphere which saps the vitality of the stoutest and most angry deputation and renders it as wax in the hands of the dullest M.P.

There are probably a dozen better ways of honouring Asquith's memory, and one we 've heard suggested is to get the present Liberal Party into a taxi and give it a run round the great big astonishing world outside so full of wonders the Party never dreams of as existing, such as really good Italians, and hippogriffs, and really wicked Scotsmen, and werewolves—all the strange creatures daring travellers describe, though few believe them.

Canard

MR. HOWARD CARTER denied the other day a report that seed 4000 years old, said to have been taken from Tutankhamen's tomb by him, has been replanted at Harrow Weald and has turned into a nice crop of green peas. Firstly, says Mr. Carter, he took no seed from the tomb, and secondly, no seed would have any reserve of life-force after all that time. Which is chiefly hard luck on the literary boys, the more philosophic of whom have often used that picturesque illustration of seed long buried in the dust of centuries springing up into fresh life, etc., etc., to boost or damn some theory propounded by a booksy rival.

It might be as well to add that no peas from Tutankhamen's tomb could have flourished anyway unless they had the formal permission of what H. V. Morton tactfully refers to in one of his books as " a certain great journal," which collared the monopoly of Tutankhamen news (1924) and enforced its rights with a platoon of infantry armed with ball-cartridge. How Morton and Valentine Williams went to Luxor and, assisted by the late Arthur Weigall, bust up this monopoly is related in Williams's recent autobiography ; a racy little journalistic adventure, as exciting in its way as the discoveries themselves. Monopolies are always fun to bust, apart from the moral satisfaction of doing the community a service, and a growing number of chaps hold that a little healthy competition and busting would take some of the starch out of (for example) the B.B.C., also some of that continuous bias chaps complain of. Then, they aver, some of that babble about British free speech might be justified, who knows ?

Hopheads

OBSERVING that Jean Cocteau, who writes such queer jaggy stuff, was fined £5 at Toulon the other day for " possessing and using narcotics," we fell to wondering how many of our own booksy boys and girls get their best effects from dope of some sort, like Coleridge and De Quincey. Many of them look a bit dopey but have been that way since birth, of course. The dilated pupil, the hectic flush, and the trembling hand are common in the booksy world, especially when the boys are telling each other how their sales are booming and how their principal rival in the racket is going down and down. Laudanum or " coke " or ether on strawberries—which some of the Yellow Book boys affected—probably wouldn't affect them much one way or the other. Marihuana would release that tendency to multiply royalties, in conversation, by double figures, and you 'd hear yells at publishers' parties of " 5,000,000 per cent. on sales up to 1,000,000,000,000, old boy, that 's all the stingy So-and-So offered me, and after that 250,000,000,000 per cent.", etc., etc. Opium would increase the number of little red dragons in Greek postmen's hats who cycle round their tables, and bhang would make them run amuck with lolling tongues and hit the booksy girls.

On the whole we don't think it 's narcotics which make a booksy party like one of Goya's grotesques, full of hags and sorcerers and fantastic visionary shapes, it 's just the nightmarish character of the booksy racket itself. Because if some of the boys and girls really did employ dope we should obviously get more masterpieces like *Kubla Khan* and De Quincey's *Confessions* and some of the poems of Poe and Baudelaire. Eh ?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Modom asked to see it in the daylight, Sir "

Films of the Day

A New Star Rises

By George Campbell

GREAT personality is rare on the screen. When it does appear, there is no mistaking its impact. Who will ever forget the first glimpse of Chaplin, or the slight, drooping figure of Greta Garbo opposite Antonio Moreno in *The Torrent*, or Douglas Fairbanks in *The Lamb*, or Jannings and Lya de Putti in *Vaudeville*, or Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*? Now another star has blazed across the screen, as quietly magnetic as Garbo, as effortlessly seductive as Lya de Putti or Marlene Dietrich, and a much better actress than either. Her name is Patricia Morison, and she makes a brilliant, an unforgettable, début in *Persons in Hiding*.

Persons in Hiding is based on a book by J. Edgar Hoover, America's G-man Number One. It tells of a girl like many another—beautiful, luxury-loving and poor, engaged to a nice, commonplace young man. One day she steals the diamond-studded compact case of a client whose hair she is doing, and sniffs perfume that cost fifty dollars an ounce; and Miss Morison, being a superb young actress, makes you realise her ecstatic, sensual longing for the things she can never hope to have.

Enter her young man, proudly bearing forty dollars; enter, too, a cheap little stick-up man with a gun. The young man is knocked senseless, the girl drives the car in which the gunman makes his getaway, and before the ride is over she has made her decision. Here is a man with nerve but no brains. She has her fair share of nerve and brains enough for two. She will make him tear from life the things without which life, for her, means nothing. She forces him to practise and practise with a gun, knocking coconuts off a log; she drives him, as Macbeth was driven on by a stronger will, to crime after crime until he lands on the front page and in prison. She loves him, so far as she is capable of loving any man, but, queerly enough, it is her worn-out drab of a mother whom she loves most; and when the crisis comes, it is the gunman she double-crosses.

IT is a bitter, sombre story, redeemed only by the girl's love of her mother, and her dark, haunting beauty. No other actress since Garbo has shown Miss Morison's gift of repose. She can remain quite still, her face a mask of stone, and yet suggest the volcanic emotions blazing beneath the surface. She might have made the character utterly repellent. She doesn't. The gun-moll is cruel, selfish, ruthless, an enemy of society who should be, and will be, destroyed; yet few men in real life would be able to gaze on her and resist her fascination any more than they could resist Cleopatra's. If, as I understand is the case, the girl of the film is based on an actual criminal, even to such details as her habit of saving cartridge cases and presenting them to people as souvenirs of her husband's crimes, one can only breathe a sigh of relief that so much emotional dynamite is now stored where it can do no harm.

It will be extraordinarily interesting to follow Miss Morison's future progress. Given the right roles, she should become one of the greatest figures on the screen. But what are the right roles? The obvious one is Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*; and it is any odds that if the producers had seen her three months ago, they would have spared themselves the trouble of importing Vivien Leigh.

AS a lover of action stuff I had high hopes of *Gunga Din*. I had been led to believe it was another *Bengal Lancer*, or, at the very least, a *Charge of the Light Brigade*. It isn't. Having gone to the trouble to buy the rights to Kipling's poem, and got the story written by the eminent partners Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and cast it handsomely with Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, junior, and Cary Grant, the producers have turned out a glorified Western, thinly disguised by calling the rustlers thugs and the sheriff a British colonel.

Hollywood's motives were wholly kindly towards the British Army—you never saw so much valour packed into one strip of celluloid; kindly to the lowly, faithful Hindu of whom Gunga Din is presumably typical; kindly even to the thug chieftain, who tells you he can die bravely for India, and does. An Indian journalist who saw the picture seemed a trifle confused about the connection between thuggee and the aspirations of Congress, and I imagine that in India the Censor will cut it about a bit; but that only goes to show you can't please everybody. Anyway, not the Indian and me. Others, it is fair to say, seemed to enjoy the high-spirited fisticuffs, and battle scenes, and flogging and whatnot. We were not amused.

IF you like a little sadism, let me commend *Son of Frankenstein*. You remember the original? Well, here is the Monster, not dead, after all, but only comatose, tended by an old gentleman with a broken neck, due to an imperfect attempt to hang him for grave-robbing. Frankenstein's son, having inherited his father's scientific hobbies as well as the castle, restores the Monster to consciousness. The result is that the man with the broken neck playfully inspires the Monster to murder the remainder of the jury who sentenced him to death, and is himself killed by the scientist, and a child is nearly thrown into a pool of burning sulphur, and the Monster actually is thrown into it, and a pleasant time is had by one and all. The sulphur pool is explained as a relic of the Roman occupation. So, I think, is the plot.

Sergeants Grant, McLaglen, Fairbanks, junior

Gunga Din on the Warpath

"Gunga Din," which opened last week at the Gaumont with a premiere in aid of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is a good Hollywood interpretation of the Kipling spirit, excellently photographed and excitingly punctuated with fighting. Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Fairbanks, junior, are three British N.C.O.s; Sam Jaffe plays the title-role

Patricia Morison, a New Star

In the film article on page 338 is a pæan of laud for Patricia Morison, an actress who has made her debut in Paramount's *Persons in Hiding* (Plaza). The star with the pleasantly Anglo-Saxon name for whom great things are predicted is in fact British, and of talented parentage (father, a writer; mother, lately in our Intelligence Service). When the Morisons went to New York, Patricia studied drama, bought her first part in a local show by guaranteeing a block of tickets; she alone got a notice. She obtained a part in the New York *Two Bouquets*, was signed on its termination by Paramount, and that is her short story of fame. Hollywood sloganeers call her the brunette with the blonde personality

In Bombay *the Russian company met the Indian company of Mme. Menaka, a famous dancer. Here is David Lichine with a thirteen-year-old member of the Menaka ballet*

In Port Said, *like everyone else, Irina Kosmovska, a character dancer of much personality and promise, did a hard round of shopping and sight-seeing*

The Russian Ballet in Australia

By Arnold L. Haskell

ONCE more, after travelling half round the world, the Russian Ballet has proved a success, both in Melbourne and Sydney—eight weeks in each city. Next stop, New Zealand!

The journey itself was charmingly uneventful, a month's complete rest in which Sylphides baked themselves brown under the tropical sun.

Bombay this time was both a pleasant and an instructive halt. Mme. Menaka, a famous Indian dancer, whose troupe carried off the Olympic prize, entertained us in her studio, and showed to the sophisticated dancers of the West the still more sophisticated dances of the East. The setting, so different from the stage of a West End theatre, made these dances, for the first time, into something living; transforming them from a curiosity into an art that belonged to a great nation. And there was an immediate bond between the dancers of the two companies that was fascinating and inspiring to watch. Ceylon, too, brought us dancing and processions of gaily decorated elephants, sufficient to delight a Hollywood producer, though the dances ceased and the elephants halted while the religious suggested that we might care to give them a few pennies.

In Aden, Baronova bought for two shillings a two-day-old gazelle, appropriate mascot for a dancer; and the ballet nursed it to vigorous health. To-day it is a lively and popular inmate of the Melbourne Zoo.

Rehearsals and classes broke up the leisure, and helped the day on its way. Anna Roje has joined the ballet to give classes to the company, and now, for the first time, they are working systematically at technique, as well as at rehearsal.

THE first night in Melbourne was as dramatic an occasion as I can remember: dramatic because there was no sign of drama, although at eleven o'clock that night, during *Aurora's Wedding*, Hitler was expected to march into Czechoslovakia and end our civilisation. The house was packed, the public enthusiastic. In the intervals, Baronova, Riabouchinska, Grigorieva were discussed, never "the Crisis." The detachment was so complete that, to a European, it was almost terrifying. In

Back stage in Melbourne *Anton Dolin and Tatiana Riabouchinska posed for this "Blue Bird" picture on a pile of properties. Mr. Haskell writes of Riabouchinska's dancing as the sensation of the Australian season—"a new-found technical precision makes her Blue Bird as exciting a thing as one could wish to see"*

Anton Dolin, *who joined the Russian company in Australia, took most of Lichine's roles until the latter's knee recovered from his Covent Garden accident. Here Dolin is with Sono Osato in "Protée"*

Yura Lazovsky *now dances the Barman in "Union Pacific," one of Massine's most brilliant character creations*

the wings, the dancers were preoccupied, thinking of their European homes. Yet so great are custom and discipline that the performance went on. "First I thought of my pirouettes," said one of them; "then of Hitler. I don't know at the moment which worried me the most." Next day the Press found space for columns of whole-hearted praise. Truly, twelve thousand miles distance from the centre of things are a blessing.

THE public here is much as in London: enthusiastic, but gaining with every performance a true critical standard in which it is greatly helped by Australian Balletomane No. 1—Basil Burdett of the *Melbourne Herald*. He is given the space in which to develop a reasoned argument, and both he and his editors foresaw two years ago what the ballet could mean to Australia, not merely as an entertainment, but as a means of expression for a people eager to express themselves in art. England and Australia, both economically and otherwise are destined to save and to develop ballet. America is too feverish, Europe otherwise occupied.

Here the ballet has been received with the respect due to an academic body, entertained at the University, and studied from every angle. This attitude has made an enormous impression on dancers who are used to being spoiled and flattered by their admirers the world over. The result has been a series of really excellent performances, better at times than those at Covent Garden.

THE undoubted sensation of the season has been Tatiana Riabouchinska. Here is a dancer whose work I have known well for five years. She seemed to have settled down to an individual style that was charming, but that in no sense dominated the stage. In London last season she showed signs of a change. Here her art has fully revealed itself, and every performance is a delight. She dances with an amazing simplicity, but in the grand manner, and with a new-found technical precision that makes her Blue Bird as exciting a thing as one could wish to see.

Where before she solved artistic problems by instinct, to-day she solves them by design. It would be difficult to imagine a role more complicated than the Surrealist brat in *Jeux d'Enfants*. The perfect balance with which she avoids the mawkish on one hand, and the grotesque on the other, is amazing. Her performance in *Le Spectre de la Rose* reached great heights of lyrical interpretation. And, though her art is quiet and infinitely subtle, the public has sensed it, and Riabouchinska has earned a triumphant success.

Not until Sydney did Baronova strike her best form with some astonishingly brilliant performances of *Swan Lake*. Previously she showed a strain I have never known in her.

THE most gratifying event, from a ballet point of view, has been the success, both popular and artistic, of Lichine's new choregraphy to the Prokofiev *Prodigal Son*. It is his first major work to be entirely fluent. He has told his story with great economy of means, yet with an ornamentation that parallels Biblical language. This ballet is pleasing from every point of view.

It is significant that Lichine's first complete success should be with material prepared by Diaghileff. What of the future?

Dolin gives a magnificent performance in the title-role. He has been gradually but surely adapting himself to the rigid standards of Russian Ballet, ridding himself of the mannerisms that appeal to other audiences. Since the days of Diaghileff, we have forgotten his immense capacities as dancer and artist. He is reminding us, and if he does not relax his self-discipline—always a big *if* with such an exuberant artist—London will welcome the latest recruit to the company.

Lichine himself danced for the first time in January since his knee accident at Covent Garden. Although he was sparing himself, his personality clearly made a deep impression.

THE greatest progress has been made by Tamara Grigorieva, to-day a finely dramatic Zobeide, and the English Lisa Serova (a Rambert dancer), whose charm in everything she does is outstanding.

The Canadian girl, Alexandra Denisova, to whom I have referred before, has caused a sensation; the word is not too strong. Aged sixteen, and the baby of the company, she undertook the leading roles in *Choreartium* and *Aurora's Wedding* with two hours' warning, having actually to learn them in that time, owing to a sudden indisposition of Baronova's. All allowances made, she acquitted herself brilliantly, leaving no doubt that the company was developing another ballerina. Aurora has often been danced with more assurance, but seldom with greater charm. Much credit must go to Lichine, with Colonel de Basil her discoverer, and to Riabouchinska, both of whom have worked continuously with her, and whose excitement was, if anything, greater than that of the young "ballerina-to-be."

During the Sydney season came an unprecedented heat-wave that lasted for over three weeks. If it has been an effort to write in a bathing-suit in the country at over 100 degrees, the unfortunate King in *Le Coq d'Or*, with his padded finery, must have suffered tortures. The heat, however, did not keep the audience away. Their enthusiasm is reminiscent of our Wells, and how I wish that they might see our dancers and their own Robert Helpmann.

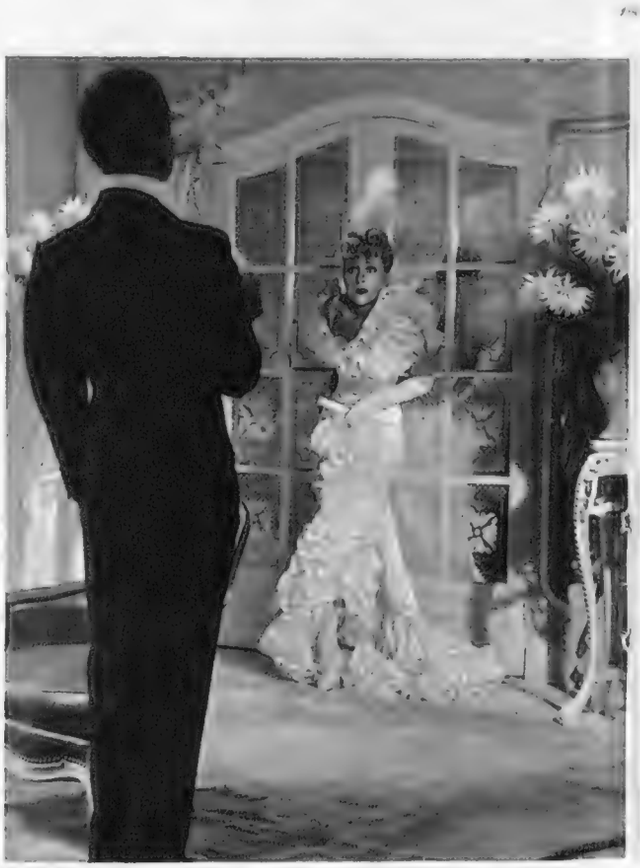
***"The Prodigal Son,"** Lichine's new ballet, had its premiere at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, on December 30th. The leading parts are taken by Anton Dolin, who gives "a magnificent performance" in the title-role, and Tamara Grigorieva as the Siren. The music is Prokofiev's, the decor by Ronalt. Mr. Haskell discusses the ballet and its success, "both popular and artistic," in his article*

***Alexandra Denisova** has been another "sensation," especially when she took two of Baronova's parts at two hours' notice. Here the young Canadian was dancing with Paul Petroff in "Scuola di Ballo"*

*1. **In 1867,** when Napoléon le Petit was on the throne of France and when the ballerinas of the Opéra were included in the demi-monde, one of these ballerinas, Fanny Grandpré, met and fell in love with a young nobleman. (The ballet shots of the film were supervised by Leo Staats, maître de ballets at the Opéra.)*

*2. **The nobleman** in question is young Octave at the Hôtel Chalencey his intention of marryi on the sovereign's). But he is dissuaded, deser*

*3. **In 1900,** Fanny Grandpré's daughter Yvette (a musical-comedy star, not a ballerina) and Octave de Chalencey's son Philippe meet and fall in love. They grow intimate during suppers at Maxim's, she shows him here her embroidered stocking (an example of Berger's attention to detail)*



*4. **But** Yvette learns that Philippe is the son of her mother's betrayer, determines not to abandon her career on the stage for him. (Lighting gives her a sunburn quite out of period in this take.)*

young Octave de Chalencey, and on his first honourable impulse he announces of marrying ballerina Fanny (note the relative with mustachios modelled uaded, deserts her, marries elsewhere. So does she, and each has children

***5. In 1939** Fanny Grandpré's granddaughter Irène is a film-star, Octave de Chalencey's grandson Gérard is an insurance agent who is glad to be "discovered" by a film magnate. They meet and fall in love, and this time marry, giving the film its happy ending*

"Les Trois Valses": a Paris Saga

Les Trois Valses, which opens to-morrow at the Curzon to celebrate the cinema's fifth anniversary, is one of the most ambitious films that the French film industry has undertaken. It succeeds completely. It is a saga of Paris and like most sagas, including *Cavalcade*, it is primarily a story of individuals, of three generations in two families. But behind this theme others are implicit: the financial decline of the aristocracy, the easing of class boundaries, the social rise of the acting profession. The three acts of the play from which the film comes are apparent in the three periods, 1867, 1900, 1939; as well as by costume and setting, a clever method of differentiating period atmosphere is by lighting—gentle in 1867, vivid in 1900, hard in 1939. The play is by Léopold Marchand, music by Oscar Strauss, direction by Ludwig Berger. The actress and the aristocrat are played in each generation by Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay

mother's for him. take.)

***7. Brunner** père was producer to Fanny Grandpré, Brunner fils to her daughter and (having gone into films) to her granddaughter; here arriving at Le Bourget to direct Irène in a film musical comedy, in which she appears as at left. The Brunners are played by Henri Guisol*

English

A Bahama midday snapshot of the Hon. Edward Astley, drink in one hand, photographic apparatus in the other, and Major Noel Sampson, finely breeched, booted and spurred. Mr. Astley, whose hat is also of interest, is Lord Hastings' heir

A.D.C.

Sir Francis Peek is doing A.D.C. this season to the Governor, the Hon. Sir Charles Dundas, stands beside a Government House sentry box. He is the fourth baronet, twenty-five and a bachelor

Handsome

Another good-looking English bachelor baronet to flutter Bahaman hearts is Sir William Wrixon-Becher who has been staying with the Cleveland Lansings, of New York, in their Nassau house

Calf-Deep

Coming in from their bathe in the green and gentle Bahaman sea were David Smiley and Colonel Arthur McGrath. Mr. Smiley is Sir Hugh Smiley's brother and is on leave from his regiment, the Blues. Col. McGrath's wife was also a bather

West Indian Season : a Visit to Nassau

Mrs. Peter Arno, wife of the American joke king, has been staying in Nassau with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Lansing, who also had Sir William Wrixon-Becher in their party

Virginian

Mrs. Arthur Glasgow, Virginian by birth, is one of London's best-known hostesses. Her daughter, the former Marjory Glasgow, is now Mrs. Ambrose Congreve

Canadian

Georgie Claudet, here talking to Mrs. Robert Holt, of Montreal, made a new record by ski-ing on Canadian snow one afternoon, flying overnight to Nassau and giving a water-ski exhibition, the first seen in Nassau, next morning

Ankle - Deep

Paddling along the edge before her bathe, and wearing a big floppy hat, a local product, was Mrs. Arthur McGrath (Rosita Forbes to her public)

Ringside Seats

Rosemary Kerr and Norman Wilkinson, R.A., with the white sand beach behind them and the chattering midday crowd in front of them, sat on the ropes and talked. She is Admiral Mark Kerr's daughter, and he is the well-known water-colour artist who is painting a series of Bahaman pictures which he plans to exhibit in London later

Artist and Model

Another artist in Nassau is Anglo-Swedish "Kip" Soldivedel who was giving an exhibition there. With him is his attractive model, Anne Ford

Frazier Jelke, of Newport and New York, was looking out at the calm evening beauty from his yacht, Sea Owl. He is an annual visitor to England, and took Stonor Park from Lord Camoys for several seasons

Sundown on a Yacht

Monkey and Friend

The monkey is an honorary member of the Emerald Beach Club where he kindly posed on the head of Mrs. Vyvyan Drury. She is the former Nina Soames, and was out in the Bahamas with her husband

Philadelphian

Flaxen-haired Mrs. Nicolas Ludding-ton, of Philadelphia, wore a grey linen dirndl and was photographed on the terrace of Mr. Harold Christie's house on a sunny windy day

Tunbridge

Spring Study of Mrs. Kenneth Thornton

Mrs. Thornton, dressed in a skirt and sweater, has the golf umbrella's light and shade as background to match the alternating moods of a spring day. She and her husband live in London—in Culross Street—with their two small sons who will be four and two this year. She was Angela Brett before her 1934 marriage, and is the elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Maurice Brett and Mrs. Brett. Her mother, as Zena Dare, has been acting since last summer in *Spring Meeting*, the amusing and perfectly-cast Irish comedy which finished its eight-months' run on Saturday

"Bystander" Short Story No. 181

Contretemps in a Railway Carriage

By David Norman

Illustrations by Archie Savory

MR. COKER was late for his train; he had to run, and he disliked running, for he was a respectable and methodical man. He was late because he had been up in the West End after his Saturday morning in the City, buying a birthday present for his daughter Margaret. He had also bought some cigarettes for his wife; he always did on a Saturday, because Mrs. Coker affected obscure Oriental tobaccos, not because she liked them, but because she was unable to get them herself in Bromley.

Another reason for his lateness was that he did not know what platform his train went from. It wasn't his usual train, and Charing Cross wasn't his usual station: he belonged to Cannon Street or London Bridge, and he somehow felt that they belonged to him—at least, he had a sort of paternal interest in them. They were exclusive, and Charing Cross wasn't; outsiders used Charing Cross, mostly women who shopped.

The consequence was that the train

was just going out, and he had to jump into the first carriage he saw. A third-class carriage: that annoyed him. With a woman in it: that annoyed him more.

Before he opened his midday paper he looked at the river; he always did, because he had a part interest in that, too, like Cannon Street and London Bridge. Then he noticed that the woman was looking at him: he didn't mind that, for he was really remarkably well-preserved for his age, and he took care to stick his chest out and hold his middle in. Besides, it was an attractive woman; dark, probably in the middle thirties but looking younger, and smart, too, wearing a black tailor-made. After he had read the first column of news he looked over the top: she was still looking at him. This was beginning to get a bit thick—brazen, he called it. He retreated out of respectability, for he had never been that kind of man. But an irresistible something kept making him look up in a furtive way, and she always seemed to be staring at him. Something might be wrong; and he fingered his tie nervously. Then she spoke.

"Excuse me," she said, "but do you happen to be Mr. Coker?"

"That is my name," he replied, "but surely I haven't had the pleasure——"

"Oh, yes, you have; you 're the father of one of my children."

A bombshell; and it stunned Mr. Coker.

"I beg your pardon," he said hoarsely.

"I said you were the father of one of my children," came the unmistakable reply.

"I assure you you 're mistaken, madam, and I suggest that we pursue this conversation no further." Mr. Coker did not quite know how to deal with the situation; he had never met it before, and his natural defence was pomposity.

"But you don't seem to understand; if you 're Mr. Coker, and you live in South Parks Road, Bromley, you *must* be her father."

They were getting near London Bridge now, and with London Bridge courage came to Coker.

"My dear young lady," he started, indignantly pontifical, "I understand only too well. Whether we have met before I cannot tell; that we have never had any form of—er—liaison I am sure. Your suggestions are both outrageous and stupid, and you would be well advised to forget that you made them."

And as the train stopped, Mr. Coker stepped magnificently out of the carriage—well, fairly magnificently, because he tripped over his umbrella—and got into another compartment.

AT first he could not get over the sense of offended chastity; his predominant feeling was of majestic but rather coy indignation. But when he came to think of it he decided that he 'd really carried off the situation pretty well. Yes, by Harry, he 'd soon settled her hash! Henry Coker was the wrong man to come to with that sort of tale. Anyway, it would make a good story to tell the wife, with a little judicious touching-up. But of all the confounded nerve! It just showed you that you couldn't be too careful these days.

He saved up his adventure until dinner-time; by then it had assumed some astonishingly vivid details. He believed them himself in the way that an author does come to believe in his own fictions, but the least he expected from his wife was scepticism and incredulity. Her reaction was disappointing. She said that she wouldn't know, of course, but she had always believed he must have led a pretty rapid life before they were married, and, for all she knew, he still did, though he ought to be more careful. A flight of irony that passed over his head, for Mr. Coker was not a man susceptible to great romantic passions, as who should know better than Mrs. Coker?

But there it was—a superb story ruined. Really, the wife was most annoying at times. However, he had no doubt of its success with his cronies in the train on Monday morning; it would need a slightly different treatment, that was all—something to think about in bed.

SUNDAY was almost wholly occupied with ritual; there was church in the morning, then Sunday dinner with a joint of good—and perhaps English—roast beef, and then Mr. Coker took his wife and daughter for a walk in the Library Gardens—"a little bit of fresh air to settle the orgy." It exalted Mr. Coker's soul to look at the goldfish in the pond and listen to the military band playing good, solid music.

And there it happened.

There she was, the forward young lady of the train, walking along not a hundred yards away. Mr. Coker was almost speechless with excitement.

"There she is!" he hissed. "The woman I told you about, who tried to

blackmail me in the carriage. Up to no good, I 'll be bound. Would you believe it?"

And to his amazement Mrs. Coker took one look, and laughed; she went on laughing.

"Oh, dear, oh, Heaven!" she spluttered. "Yes, I 'll believe it. And how right she was! My poor Henry, you *are* the father of one of her children: that 's Miss Trent, Margaret's headmistress."

THE END.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Snowy-Breasted Pearl

By V. S. Pritchett

DUBLIN has always been the paradise of medical students. Nowhere else does their violent need to drink, racket and wench away the horrors they have seen in the dissecting room or on the operating table find a more willing environment. It is of this that Dr. Gogarty now writes in *Tumbling in the Hay* (Constable ; 10*s*.).

Once more he evokes, in digression after digression, that smoking Georgian slum, swilling its whisky and Guinness between the Wicklow hills and Dublin Bay, and preserving the coarseness, the elegance, and popular roar of life in the eighteenth century, and our forgotten Elizabethan speech. Poverty has been a great blessing to Dublin ; humanity, as well as rollicking, thrives with its roots in the mud ; and Dr. Gogarty persuades one that happy is the country where the pawnbroker is the family friend, and publicans, hall porters and the police are on the side of the sinners. This happiness would, however, cloy if malice and fierce temper did not liven it. Mr. Golly's flatulence—he was a publican—on which the medicals used to experiment with disastrous patents, would have been squalid if the publican could not say one moment, as he passed you your pint and noted the head on it : "Here 's me snowy-breasted pearl" ; and then, returning to his martyrdom : "'It 's only wind,' sez she to *me*. '*Only* wind ? *Only* wind ? ' sez I. 'Have ye never heard of the Tay Bridge disaster ? '" Again, Hosanna, that fraudulent lawyer, with his sea-lion paunch and his tears in court, would be disgusting if, when he appealed to Heaven in one of his perorations, his opponent had not snapped back : "You 'll be on surer ground if you confine yourself to where you 're known." And when, after as foul a bicycle race as ever was run in Belfast, Dr. Gogarty came in first and won a gold watch, thereby putting his life in danger from the Orangemen who were waiting for him on the way back south, the note of murder is enhanced to the level of death in battle by the words : "He 's got away with the watch but he has yet to get past Portadown." It is rare to find talk as good in print as it is in the wine-fumed air, but, making reservations about the learned talk at Trinity, which is mainly classical punning, and which goes stiffly in print, Dr. Gogarty succeeds. This book is an excellent second fiddle to Joyce's Dublin, Rabelaisian but too swift and ribald to be dirty, and containing fine, rotund portraits of the Rowlandson kind.

"GOODBYE TO BERLIN," by Christopher Isherwood (Hogarth Press ; 7*s*. 6*d*.), has some new stories of the pre-Nazi twilight, together with the exquisite *Sally Bowles*—the most finished and delightful nouvelle of recent years—and other pieces, which appeared where some of the best work of to-day is appearing, in *New Writing*. Mr. Isherwood has, in one stride, all the immense skill of Mr. Somerset Maugham, without the mechanical view of life ; he has the gifts of naturalness without naïveté, of selflessness in observation. This enables him to observe those undramatic but important changes of character in people which they probably do not know themselves, and which are the texture of life : Natalia Landauer, for

Christopher Isherwood

Left recently for China with W. H. Auden to collect material for a new book, shortly before which their latest play, "On the Frontier," was lukewarmly received at the Group Theatre. Isherwood's new book of stories, including "Sally Bowles" and entitled "Goodbye to Berlin," is reviewed here

example, going to Paris as a strict and prudish schoolgirl and coming back with her laugh changed : "And there was a dreamy, delighted smile upon her face—as though, I thought, she were listening all the time to lively, pleasant music." His detachment is cat-like. Dispassionately, but entirely without that personal bitterness which falsifies Mr. Somerset Maugham's claim to detachment, he notes a laugh, a whine, a boast, the unendearing and the endearing miscellany of human habits. *The Nowaks*, the study of a working-class family, could not be better. How the grunting, simple, beer-smelling father, with his one deep, halting, human experience during the war, stands out in half a page. There is all the difference between competence in the novel and the highest talent in such a portrait. Mr. Isherwood is never obvious, yet never merely bizarre. How deep does he go ? So far he is a writer of moods—the mood of amoral gaiety, the mood of nostalgia and regret in a dying society, the mood of the lonely observer at the window watching the street, adroit enough never to be in it. He is rather too fly and too elusive. But he is one of the most individual and accomplished writers alive to-day.

THE story of the Empress Eugenie falls into three parts : the childhood and youth in Granada, in the atmosphere of political plotting which ate into everything, character especially, at the beginning of the Carlist wars ; then the marriage of "the upstart," as she was called, to Napoleon III. ; and, finally, the dreary exile in England, after one of the most exciting escapes in the history of royalty. In his *Eugenie, Empress of the French* (Cobden Sanderson ; 16*s*.), M. Octave Aubry is under the spell of that cool, simple, capricious and courageous Spaniard, and his *Life* is part novel, part biography. It is dignified and carries its thoroughness lightly ; but beyond saying that the serious political charges made against the Empress were exaggerated—quite, but there was substance in them—he does not go far into her political activities, and comes dangerously close to the caressing manner in royal biography.

"IN SEARCH OF SOVIET GOLD" (Harrap ; 8*s*. 6*d*.) is written by John D. Littlepage, the most important of the American engineers who went to Russia in 1928. He stayed there for ten years, and travelled widely, especially in Siberia, which captivated him. "It does not matter what the Russian system is as long as they keep Siberia." This seems to me one of the most useful, human, and truly informative books about Russia that have appeared, and it is attractive, too, for the simple, honest, practical and limited character of the writer. Gold was Stalin's especial baby. He had read Bret Harte, and all the stuff of the American mining camps ; this and his foresight made him determine to exploit Russia's huge resources, despite the Party feeling that gold was an immoral metal. The value of Mr. Littlepage's testimony is that of a responsible worker who kept out of politics and struggled to preserve his exasperation from intolerance. His conclusions are disconcerting to partisans of all sides. Thus he is quite convinced of the truth of the evidence of the sabotage trials ; he observed some of the dirty work going on in Berlin when he was there ; but he also was reluctantly convinced that the most successful enterprises are those run by the all-powerful and ubiquitous police employing forced labour. This is a realistic book, sometimes repetitive, but never self-important, and entirely free of theory. The Russians were shocked that a mining engineer should actually put on overalls and go down to work beside the men in the mine, and were astounded to find themselves outpaced by the American ideas of equality.

FOR the Library List :

Mispam. By Ama Yongden. (Bodley Head ; 8*s*. 6*d*.)

When Days were Years. By Irene Rathbone. (Faber ; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

The Long Valley. By John Steinbeck. (Heinemann ; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Time as Chorus. By V. N. Massey. (Heinemann ; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Black Earth. By Joe Corrie. (Routledge ; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

A Maugham Parson: an Ibsen Medico

Photographs by Anthony

Esmond Knight in "Rain"

Esmond Knight's latest venture in the theatre is a repertory season of modern plays at the King's, Hammersmith, which he is running in partnership with Wilson Barrett. Their next production, in a week or so, is to be a revival of the stage version of Somerset Maugham's "Rain," first played in London in 1925. Esmond Knight himself will take the part of the fanatical clergyman whose attempts to convert Sadie the prostitute end in tragedy, and Phyllis Monkman is going to play Sadie, the part intended for her in the original production. "Private Lives," "Sweet Aloes," and "Night Must Fall" are among the plays already successfully given by the company. Esmond Knight made his stage début at the Old Vic in 1925, has played in musical comedy, straight plays, Shakespeare, films. One of his best parts was the title-role in "Van Gogh," at the Arts Theatre. He has a fine baritone voice, plays the guitar and the piano, is knowledgeable on the unusual subject of falconry

Roger Livesey in "An Enemy of the People"

Roger Livesey has his first part at the Old Vic since he was there for the 1932 and 1933 seasons, as Dr. Stockman in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." He gives a vivid and impressive performance as the doctor whose clash as a scientist and a passionate individualist with the petty tyrants, the vested interests and the sheep-like mob of his town have an astonishing topicality to-day. The good-humoured Quixote in his hairy tweed coat is perfectly set off against the smug turkey of a mayor in frock-coat and top hat, the latter a delightfully dislikeable characterisation by Edward Chapman. The play is given in a new free version by Norman Ginsbury, brilliantly produced by Tyrone Guthrie, and with settings by Ruth Keating. Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey's wife, has the part of his daughter in the play. He and she are playing Petruchio and Katharine together in the next Old Vic production, "The Taming of the Shrew." He is the youngest of the three actor brothers, sons of Ian Livesey. Their sister Peggy has also acted at the Old Vic this season

Gardener's Chronicle

Alpine House Plants *(Continued)*

By R. C. Jenkinson

Tulips

PICKING up the thread of last week's notes, which ended with daffodils, I forgot to mention one, Narcissus canaliculatus, which is a miniature polyanthus variety, again from the Pyrenees, about four-and-a-half inches high, deliciously scented, with little bright orange cups and a white perianth.

Now on to the great family of tulips. This is no place to discuss the lovely Darwins and May flowering tulips and other Dutch Florist's varieties. I want to draw your attention to the wild tulips of Southern Europe and Asia. They prefer a well-drained, rather stiff soil and thorough sun-ripening to flower well.

The earliest of them is T. Kaufmanniana, the water-lily tulip which grows some nine inches high, may be had in flower from January to the end of March, and is very easy. It has narrow, conical buds which open wide like a water-lily: the type is white with the outer petals flushed with rose-pink with a broad yellow centre, but it varies considerably in the amount of the pink flush; some forms are golden-flushed with scarlet; while one called "Brilliant" is pure vermilion.

Then there is the Lady tulip from Northern Italy, Tulipa dusiana, the bulbs of which, to my intense annoyance, have been devoured by dormice in my garden, while all other tulips were left severely alone. It is a slender thing with white and carmine flowers and a blue base, about twelve inches high, as chaste as it is lovely.

Perhaps the finest tulips come from Persia. For sheer opulence, few can compete with T. Fosteriana, whose enormous flowers are of the brightest, burning scarlet. It has long-pointed buds and when these open in the sunlight they are the most dazzling sight, about five inches across with glossy black bases. Another gorgeous tulip is called Greigii. This can always be recognised by its glaucous leaves with a few purplish mottlings. The flowers are fairly large, scarlet or bright yellow flaked with scarlet, most sumptuous and gay to behold. T. Ingens of the same stature, about ten inches, is another beauty of superb proportions: here the flowers are rather a darker scarlet. Of the same shade but only half the size in all its parts there is the enchanting T. Wilsoni, no more than six inches high with lovely little pointed petals.

To break away from these burning reds, there are two more dwarf tulips, Batalinii and dasystemon. The former will grow seven or eight inches and has flowers of the most entrancing clear butter-yellow, beautifully formed; while the latter breaks new ground: it is only three or four inches high, each bulb carrying three or four fat little creamy flowers which open star-like to the sun to show their large, bright orange bases.

Now back to Europe, to Greece, for the last tulip to which I would draw your attention, T. orphanidea, which carries on slender stems rather egg-shaped flowers of warm, tawny orange. It comes later than the others, about mid-April, and is tall enough—and easy enough—to be cut and arranged in vases.

Hortiphot

***T. Kaufmanniana** is the earliest of the tulips for the Alpine house, flowering from January to March. Its white petals, flushed outside with rose-pink, open like a water lily to show its broad yellow centre*

Anemones

THE wind flowers, whether from our own woods or the northern shores of the Mediterranean, are anybody's flower in or out of doors. The joy of growing them in pans, however, is that their lovely flowers open to full beauty unsullied by bad weather, and last longer than when they are picked.

The last remark does not apply to the purple and red anemones so cheaply offered in flower shops. These are large and fat and have no place in our Alpine house: but the scarlet anemone fulgens most certainly does, dazzling satin scarlet, seven or eight inches high and an ardent sun-lover from the shores of the Mediterranean. Of similar habit, but rather taller with larger flowers, there is anemone pavonina, the peacock anemone from the Grecian Archipelago. This combines grace and beauty to the extent of placing it at the top of the list of all anemones of this type. The flowers come in the most lovely colours and may be selected from seedlings to your choice: creamy white with a scarlet flush at the back, clear salmon pink, clear scarlet down to cherry-red and deep crimson. They, too, are excellent for picking, lasting for ten days in water.

Now for the dwarf woodland anemones. The earliest of them is A. blanda, which flowers in February and March, clear azure blue or in the form called scythinica, greyish-white with a dark blue reverse. It is neat and charming, only about four inches high. There are several forms of A. nemorosa, the wood anemone, but the two I like best are called Allenii and robinsoneana. The former is the taller and has the largest flowers of the lot, ample, rounded petals of soft lavender blue, while the flowers of the latter are almost impossible to describe, a sort of iridescent mother-of-pearl with light fawn reverse. There is one other little anemone of which it is very pleasant to have a pan for April, A. rancenculoides, with small buttercup flowers. It runs about and increases fast so that one pan will soon become six.

Violets

IT seems to me that the Erythroniums or dog-tooth violets are never properly appreciated, or should I say not well enough known? For I can but think that anyone who has seen them would grow them. So easy, accommodating and dainty are they, either in sunny woodland or meadow, or in pans in our cold-house. The leaves are more or less heart-shaped but tapered to a point, bright green or mottled with purple on a grey-green ground. The flowers, on stems according to the species, from six to ten inches tall, are rather like small upside-down cyclamens. In the common European variety called Dens Canis they are pinkish lilac with a yellow base.

All the others come from America and are white, pink, or yellow, and where all are lovely, I can only advise you to go to a show and select which you like best.

THE WOLSELEY 25 h.p. "SUPER SIX"

AWARDED GRAND PRIX d'HONNEUR in the MONTE CARLO RALLY 1936, 1937 and 1939

THE Wolseley "Super Six" Limousine is a silent witness that in the hands of British craftsmen a 25 h.p. town carriage can be made a thing of shapely elegance and lithe grace without the loss of an inch of space or a decimal point of performance. For bulk is not beauty—it is the ransom paid to unbalanced design. The symmetrical beauty that Wolseley coachcraft has achieved—and achieved without sacrifice of the dignity traditional with fine British bodywork—has been acclaimed on three occasions by the foremost judges in Europe.

Through Wolseley Owner-Contact—a service of regular car inspection by qualified Wolseley engineers—the owner of a Wolseley "Super Six" is assured that his car retains, throughout its life, its original high efficiency.

WOLSELEY

The Wolseley 25 h.p. "Super Six" Limousine illustrated above is priced at £775. Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass, and Jackall jacks are standard equipment. Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., at Ward End, Birmingham, distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley Street, W.1, and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.

Spectator Sports Fashion Notes: the Eskimo Arrives at the English Point-to-Point

Eskimo No. 1 was Mrs. Cecil Madden with her short fur coat and fur hood, worn against the rain and wind at the Staff College, R.M.C., and Mounted Infantry Club joint point-to-point

Eskimo No. 2 was Mrs. J. L. Thornton with a sumptuous fur hood above a loose coat. She wore it, in spite of the sun, at the Bramham meet at Kirk Deighton, near Wetherby

Miss Katharine Crofton, racing in the rain at Windmill Hill, was also hooded, but in silk waterproof. She is a debutante, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Crofton, who live at Berwick St. John Manor, in Wilts.

Eskimo No. 3 was Mrs. R. H. A. Foster, in a felt and fur hood, a transparent waterproof over a tweed coat, and fur gloves. This was another Staff College point-to-point snapshot

Sportfolio: England, Germany, France and America

Ski Champions at Kitzbühl

Brother and sister Rudi and Christel Cranz won the German ski championships for men and women at Kitzbühl this year. Christel Cranz, who holds the Olympic Women's Combined Championship, is also this year's world champion, having won both slalom and downhill events for women at Zakopane in February

University Squash

The second Oxford and Cambridge women's squash racquets match resulted in a 4—1 win for Oxford. Here the captains shake hands — Hermione Hoare, St. Hilary's, and Elizabeth Penman, Newnham. The latter is also a lawn tennis blue

Riviera Lawn Tennis

Nina Brown and Rita Jarvis entered together for the Iliffe Trophy in the cosmopolitan tournament at Monte Carlo, were beaten on the fourth day by Mmes. Henrotin and Half

Tweed Cap

By contrast at the same jump meeting Mrs. Jack Hirsch wore a man's tweed cap and a stout mackintosh. She was Joan Miller before her marriage last summer to Major Hirsch, who used to be in the 13th/18th Hussars

Last Adjustments

Lord Darling was a rider in the Staff College and R.M.C. point-to-point steeplechases held at Ashridgewood, Wokingham, Berks. He rode his Hush Hush II. to second place in the Cadets' Heavy-weight Race, the winner being Capt. J. M. Sinclair on his Goyo. He is the second baron, grandson of the famous Judge, and will be twenty in May

Last Advice

Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn may or may not have been talking about his chances at Hawthorn Hill; whether or not, he rode Tit For Tat second in the Maidenhead Steeplechase and Mospey second in the Monday Hurdle

Dressing for Polo

Mr. John Lakin played back for Hurlingham against the Midwick Country Club in the first two of the British Westchester Cup team's three exhibition matches at Los Angeles. In the tragic first match, won by Hurlingham, Capt. C. T. I. Roark received the injuries from which he died shortly afterwards. The second match was won by Midwick

Conference in Los Angeles

In their dressing room before the second of the Los Angeles polo matches were Lord Cowdray, the non-playing captain of the British Westchester Cup team, Mr. Gerald Balding and Major N. W. Leaf, who is in charge of the British ponies. Mr. Balding is still unable to play owing to his injury. The British team for the first two matches was H. H. Hughes, R. Skene, E. R. Tyrrell-Martin, and J. Lakin

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf: A New Ball?

Ranelagh v. the House of Commons

Ranelagh beat its visitors by 11 matches to 7 in a game in which Sir John Simon and Sir Frank Bowater found themselves on opposing sides. In this group are Lieut.-Colonel H. O. C. Thorp, Mr. Peter Dalziel, Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., and Captain A. Hudson, M.P. — Sandys beat Dalziel and Thorp beat Hudson in the singles

I KNOW of two golfers, both of whom have won championships and scratch medals, who in the winter play with a ball larger than the one in regular use. They do so because they contend that, under winter conditions, when the courses are heavy, and close lies numerous, the present regulation small ball is so difficult to hit that on the few occasions they find it necessary to use a brassie they seldom manage to get the ball up, and naturally a poor shot is the result.

If these two low-handicap golfers find it difficult to hit the present ball from the fairway in winter, what possible hopes have the long-handicap players of doing so? Brassie shots through the green are so difficult that, at the present time, there are a large number of golfers, some of them of championship class, who are frightened to use a brassie through the green, and prefer to use a spoon, although they know that, with this club, even if they hit their very best shot it will not reach the green.

The chief reason why golfers favour the small ball is because it goes farther in the majority of climatic and playing conditions. Actually, with, as the caddies say, a "following wind behind," and on hard fairways, a big ball can be hit even farther than the small ball. The Rules of Golf Committee, last September, at the business meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, intimated that it was about time that some specification,

(*Concluded on page viii*)

The Rugby Internationals' Golfing Society v. West Hill

S. W. Jamieson and F. Mann (captain of West Hill) are seen with L. G. Brown and C. D. Aarvold, of the Rugby Internationals' G.S.

Lieut.-Colonel W. C. Wilson, R.I.G.S., and G. D. Roberts, K.C., captain of the R.I.G.S., lost to H. J. T. Neilson and J. C. Ritchie

J. S. Hubbard and Captain E. I. M. Barrett (hon. sec., R.I.G.S.) lost their morning foursome to N. Harris and H. Glyn Hughes

B. S. Cumberlege and A. L. Gracie were another Rugby Internationals pair who lost in the morning —to Captain W. S. Garrett and H. E. W. Prest

Dr. H. Glyn Hughes and Norman Harris, a West Hill pair, were the victors of Barrett and Hubbard. All matches played were foursomes

H. J. Neilson and Capt. J. Ritchie (West Hill) beat Roberts and Wilson (above, centre) in the morning, Aarvold and Gracie in the afternoon

This England . . .

Skiddaw and the Vale of Keswick

FREEDOM such as we know in England cannot exist without self-discipline. Even before the Conquest, there were three communal duties laid upon us : Bricqbote, Burhbote and Fyrd — the maintenance of the town and its approaches, and service in the national militia at need. But it was in the Middle Ages that this conception was clearly codified : "the free and law-abiding man"—freely obeying and free in proportion as he does so. It is, as you may see, the infusion of this spirit that has made the fame of English manufactures : we could assuredly make less well to our greater profit, but that would be an ill-service to the community. So it is with your Worthington—the spirit of honourable service (like its method of brewing) dating from that age when the Englishman's common duty was conceived—to his lasting and appreciable good.

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Daily Round

Spectators: these Middlesex ladies were photographed watching young hopefuls at Sandy Lodge—Mrs. John Beck, Irish Champion; Mrs. Watson, captain of Middlesex II.; Mrs. Eberstein, twice County Champion; and Miss Snowden, hon. sec. to the county

News begins to crowd in upon this page, suggesting that the spring is further advanced than might have been supposed from the temperature. It has been cold work watching golf in the back end of February, and if players have managed to keep warm, that was mainly because of the inward heat of battles.

Not that the third and fourth rounds of the Kent Foursomes at Sidcup saw any very desperate fights; by then the field had become pretty well strung out, and only Miss Townend and Mrs. Pritt took their match to the last green, dying in the literal last ditch to their club-mates, Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Richardson. The losers, of course, have been famous in Bystander Foursomes annals at Roehampton, and have the well-founded faith in each other that counts for so much. So have Mrs. Green and Mrs. Musson, runners-up in these Kent Foursomes last year, defeaters of the holders in the first round at Sidcup this time, and eventual winners. They accounted for Mrs. Waring's side in one semi-final; Mrs. Haig Smith and Mrs. Hay came through the other with a decisive 6 and 4 win from Mrs. Russell Edey and Mrs. Wright, who seems to hit the ball just as well as when she was Miss Mary Justice, but just could not get things going well that afternoon. Next morning, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Musson were very strongly held for a time by Mrs. Haig Smith and Mrs. Hay, but the latter was only trying her hand again at two rounds in the day, after a bad operation and a long abstention from golf; so that when the afternoon came she was palpably tiring, and even the long putts and the short chips by which the side had kept up so stout a defence could not be produced any longer. The only consolation for the margin being 10 and 9 was that it made quite patent the fact that this was a thirty-six-hole affair—not eighteen.

Thirty-six holes may be expedient sometimes; it is possibly a better test than eighteen, but it is so different a test that I always have an uneasy feeling that it is not a logical ending to a championship. If every match were over thirty-six, well and good; as that is impossible, surely the champion-to-be should train herself for the quick spurt, the brilliant seizing of her chance, which will serve her on all occasions, rather than the long-drawn agony of concentration which is needed for the rare thirty-six-hole final.

Concentration, by the way, seems to me a matter that needs practice just as much as the shots. At the beginning of the season, it is so much harder to give your mind to the game than when fully tuned-up for the big events. Staleness has the same effect at the end of the season. The longer I watch golf and golfers, the more certain do I grow that, given a certain routine efficiency in hitting the shots, the thing that counts is to be in the perfection of mental mood at the moment of the big occasion, so that you see the pros. and cons. of each risk to be taken with absolute clarity, and then dismiss them from your mind, leaving nothing in it at the moment of hitting the shot except the ball and the clubface.

That is by the way. The day after Sidcup I watched a splendid example of concentration in the top match of the Middlesex II. v. Herts. II. at Sandy Lodge. Miss Reeves seemed to have the worst of it all the way against Mrs. Hill Wood, but there was a dogged perseverance and a concentration when the hole was within eighty yards that simply refused to be beaten, and so Miss Reeves got home 1 up at the head of a victorious side.

The story was much the same at Sundridge Park, when Surrey II. beat Kent II., for if ever pluck and persistence reaped their reward it was when Mrs. Morel got home on the last green from Miss Pat Mitchell. The latter looks like being a very good golfer; the way she hits the iron shots is most convincing. So was her early lead, but Mrs. Morel, after visiting more bunkers than may be told, kept on chipping dead, until she had broken her opponent's heart and beaten her. Mrs. Ritchie was another Surrey winner, at the nineteenth, after being down all the way.

As opposed to actual playing news, the wedding of Miss Phyllis Wade to Surgeon-Commander John Wylie (see page D) was a real golfing gathering; first at St. James's, Piccadilly, and then in Chesterfield Gardens. Mrs. Wylie has always been one of the few golfers who could look the same in fair weather or foul; refuting every idea that golf is an unbecoming game. So it was small wonder that the word "lovely" can be applied to her as a bride, quite truthfully and sincerely. Of course, there is nothing like naval uniform to make a wedding a beautiful sight, and as well as the guard of honour of brother officers, there were pipers of the London Scottish. The chief bridesmaid was Miss Pam Barton; white dresses the five wore, with wreaths and bouquets of soft pink anemones and blue iris. As for the golfers in the congregation, they had come from far and wide: Mrs. Greenlees, and Mrs. J. B. Walker and Miss Nan Baird and the Misses Urie from Ayrshire, and all the Londoners in best bib, tucker and veil.

A very delightful gathering, and southern golfers are duly grateful that the exigencies of the Senior Service will take Mrs. Wylie no further afield for the present than Essex.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

Conditions and entry form will be found *inside* the back cover of this issue.

***Surrey II.** beat Kent II. at Sundridge Park by the odd match. The team was Miss E. Baker, Mrs. Druce, Miss Jean Anderson, Mrs. Morel, Miss E. Price, Mrs. Ritchie (captain), Mrs. Hector Morison*

***Kent II.**, the beaten team at Sundridge Park, was made up of (left to right) Mrs. Whatmore, Miss E. Kemble, Mrs. Waring, Miss Pat Mitchell, Miss J. Kemble, Miss Greenhough, Miss Warren and "Smith," in foreground*

Lambert & Butler, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. M.9.

Crossing the Atlantic by Air

By Charles Ward

Re-fuelling in Flight

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' crews who are to fly the Atlantic this summer, have commenced their training in the art of taking in supplies whilst in the air. The system has been developed from a hazardous stunt, which used to be much practised in America during attempts on duration records in a closed circuit, to something which appears to be foolproof. Two early attempts at re-fuelling in England preceded the scientific study of this aid to safer and more economical flight. Mrs. Victor Bruce flew for 54 hours in a Saro "Windover," taking in not only petrol and oil, but food and a replacement wireless set from the tanker. Later, Sir Alan Cobham and Wing Commander Helmore flew to Malta on an experimental Airspeed "Courier" specially modified to take fuel in the air. From this beginning, Sir Alan Cobham developed the technique of the business, and, to-day, his expert crews will man the tankers, three Handley-Page "Harrows" which are to be stationed in Ireland and Newfoundland. One thousand gallons of petrol can be transferred in ten minutes. Many hundreds of contacts have been made between two aircraft, and under normal operating conditions of weather there is every reason to believe that commercial success is assured. One further point of interest has emerged—re-fuelling is carried out at an average speed of 130 miles an hour.

Inter-Avia

THERE have been many failures at Geneva, but one good thing of benefit to aviation all over the world has been produced in that city—I refer to *Inter-Avia*. In case you don't know the term, it is the title of an illustrated news-letter, published twice a week, giving the pith of the news on flying from every country. Every paragraph is headed for easy reading, whilst vital facts and statistics are otherwise marked for attention. The subscription to *Inter-Avia* is £13 10s. per annum. In every important country, there is a correspondent who supplies the facts and pictures to the central office in Geneva. For England, this work is undertaken by Mrs. F. D. Bradbrooke. The business side is in the hands of Captain Rex Stocken, who has, incidentally, been appointed deputy master of the Guild of Air Pilots for 1939. *Inter-Avia* also publishes an annual A.B.C. which is not a time-table, but a reference book to companies, clubs, and airports throughout the world.

Club Notes

THE Civil Air Guard scheme has given a new lease of life to the flying clubs, all of which, with the exception of Brooklands, are taking an active part. Last month, 190 pilots' certificates were issued by the Royal Aero Club, and since October, when Air Guards came into the picture, the average has exceeded 100 a month. The reason for the non-participation of Brooklands is the impossibility of taking on more training than that required by club members. During January, 45 new members joined, including the Countess Haig and Viscount Clive, the latter qualifying for his "A" licence after several years' absence from flying. Brooklands is also the testing aerodrome for the Vickers-Armstrong and Hawker factories, so that air activity over the track is considerable. The Olympic Games for 1940, to be held in Finland, are to include gliding for the first time. All competitors will fly in the same type, which was being chosen in Italy by pilots of six different nationalities last week. The Royal Aeronautical Society announces that it will move to its new headquarters, 4, Hamilton Place, W. 1, on March 25th. The Annual Garden Party is to be held at Hayes on May 14th.

Members of the Royal Aero Club Committee at Davos included "Sonny" Wallace-Barr, on the left, and Major Henry Petre

Have You Heard of Dakar?

IT is the nearest point on the West African coast to the South American continent, and is destined to become one of the world's air junctions. For some years past, it has been used by Air France as the hopping-off place for the mail service to Brazil, and it is connected to Europe every day by a 'plane to Paris. To the south, there is a service by Aeromaritime linking Senegal with the British West African colonies, and on to Pointe Noire, which is a few miles from Boma at the mouth of the Congo, where the Belgian liners take off for the interior. Until its "discovery" by flying people, Dakar was known to few travellers. It was the terminus of a railway from Timbuctoo, and a ships' coaling port. I had to stop there whilst on a journey up the West Coast about fourteen years ago, and saw the beginning of the aerodrome and the flying-boat base, at that time in use partly for military purposes. The wireless control and weather reporting stations at Dakar are the most important on that coast. Contact is maintained from Paris to Santiago in Chile, so that mail pilots making the 2000-mile crossing of the Atlantic, which they do every week, are in constant touch by radio with the shore.

Madeleine Neison carries on the family tradition at Hanworth. Her sister, Marsinah Neison, was the youngest woman commercial pilot at the time she qualified for a "B." The 'plane is a "Monospar" from General Aircraft

Notes from the Tarmac

THE response by employers to the appeal of the Civil Air Guard Commissioners for time off during the week for employees who are members, so that they can fly when instructors are free, has not met with the response it deserves. It is cheaper to learn from Monday till Friday, but unfortunately, those who can least afford week-end rates have no leisure except on Saturday and Sunday, when every aerodrome has a queue for available 'planes. Learning to fly is one of the most important forms of national service, and we need many more thousands of civilian pilots to create an adequate reserve. The skill demanded of a Fleet Air Arm pilot when landing on the deck of a carrier is of a different order to that required on land. Running into the ditch means falling into the drink, with the risk of being drowned and losing the 'plane as well. For this reason, exact judgment of speed and distance is vital. Landing practice is conducted at an aerodrome where the size of a carrier's deck is marked out on the ground, and pilots have to make at least thirty successful attempts before trying the real thing at sea.

BUY HILLMAN AND SAVE!

SAVE ON FIRST COST

Hillman Minx is £10 to £40 less than any other light car of equivalent specification and quality ; therefore, Buy a 'Minx' and Save this on initial cost. The Hillman '14' is **at least** £50 less than any other car of equivalent seating, performance and specification—a wonderful saving.

SAVE ON PETROL

The 'Minx' does over 40 m.p.g. in practical tests, a saving of 5 m.p.g. on the average Light Car's consumption.
The Hillman '14' has a petrol consumption of approximately 21 m.p.g.—a saving of 5 m.p.g. over cars of equivalent size, performance and price.

SAVE ON DEPRECIATION

The Hillman 'Minx' and '14' maintain high secondhand values—the saving in depreciation is very considerable. Also, owing to consistently big demand for used 'Minx' and '14' models they are always realisable at good prices for cash.

SAVE ON TYRES

The wonderful springing and scientific weight distribution of Hillman Cars give a very long tyre life . . . Hillman Owners can confidently expect a big saving on this item.

SAVE ON OIL

Due to careful design, metallurgical research and modern precision engineering, the oil consumption of Hillman 'Minx' and '14' is almost negligible, and this advantage applies, not only when cars are new, but even after enormous mileages have been covered—another big saving for Hillman Owners.

SAVE ON UPKEEP

Due to the unfailing reliability of Hillman Cars—which will be confirmed by any owner—the cost of maintenance is probably lower than on any others. For instance, cylinder re-boring is almost unknown under 30,000 miles.

Miss Thrifty says:

"I fill up my money box ever so fast since daddy bought a Hillman, because our Hillman saves on all the big little items that used to take daddy's money away . . ."

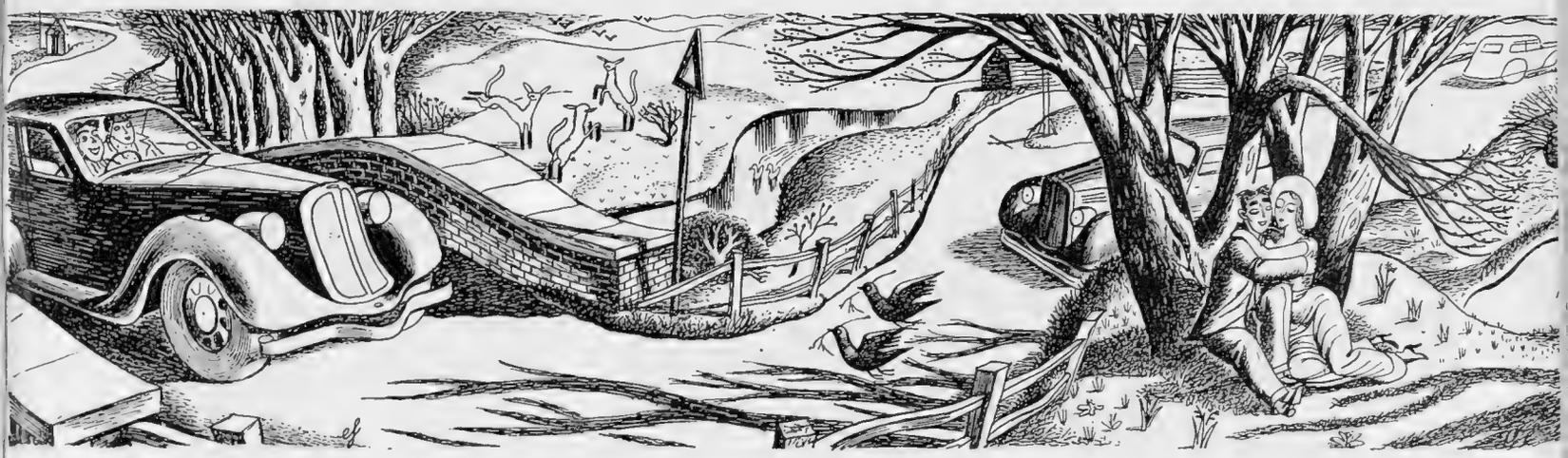
These are only a few of the many ways in which money can be saved by Buying a Hillman Car. Your local Dealer will confirm these facts. See him this week and start saving NOW!

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY. *London Showrooms & Export Div.:* ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

The luxurious comfort of riding in a Jaguar . . . the deep sense of satisfaction that comes from driving it . . . the spirited yet effortless performance it gives . . . all these things, and more, the critics have extolled. Owners and critics alike unanimously agree that the Jaguar gives motoring pleasure only expected from cars in the £1,000 class. You too should experience such motoring!

JAGUAR

3½ litre Saloon £445. (Drophead Coupe £465.) 2½ litre Saloon £395. (Drophead Coupe £415.) 1½ litre Saloon £298. (Drophead Coupe £318.) S.S. Cars Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: Henlys Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.



• "BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION

Spring Motoring

By Alan C. Hess

FROM time immemorial the English spring has stirred poets to a new awareness of the goodness of life. To those of us moderns to whom the motor-car is something more than simply a means of conveyance from A to B and back again to A, spring brings an additional thrill, for it is virtually zero-hour in a new motoring season. New cars are sought and bought by those who can afford them, while others who must needs make their present cars do for another few months prepare for that spring overhaul which is the right of all our faithful automobile servants.

Personally, I am not one of those motorists who derive spiritual satisfaction from tinkering with their cars for tinkering's sake. My idea of motoring is to *drive* the car, not to dismantle and reassemble it. It is not merely that I am lazy. I believe in a cobbler sticking to his last, and so, when anything needs doing to my car, I call in the assistance of an expert. I really believe that of the surprisingly few unroadworthy cars on the highway to-day, the majority owe their inferiority to the attentions of well-meaning but inept owner-engineers.

Let me implore you—however good an engineer you may believe yourself to be—to take *your* car to a recognised repairer for its spring overhaul.

IF you are buying a new car or having your present one re-cellulosed, I wonder what colour you will choose. An investigation carried out at the Motor Show last October proved that black and dark blue still tie for first place as the most popular colours for cars. Maroon comes third and grey fourth. Grey gained considerably in popularity last year, but whites, creams, silvers and grey-greens have fallen from favour.

Two-coloured schemes are far less common than they were a few years ago, and of the 446 cars on view at Earls Court only 36 had wings with a different colour from the main bodywork.

LAST year, for the first time, the number of cars in use in Great Britain topped the three million mark and, of course, the consumption of motor spirit rose proportionately. I wonder if you are sufficiently interested in the industrial aspects of motoring, apart from the mere driving of your car, ever to wonder where all this petrol comes from?

Returns published recently by the Board of Trade give some interesting information on the various sources from which we obtain our supplies of motor spirit. The total quantity imported for the eleven months ending November 30th last was 1,340,584,000 gallons—77,525,000 more gallons than in the same period of 1937.

Most of our motor spirit nowadays comes from the Dutch West Indian Islands. During the eleven months of 1938 we took 562,176,000 gallons from this source. The next highest totals were as follows:

Iran	285,000,000	gallons.
U.S.A.	272,448,000	,,
U.S.S.R.	46,104,000	,,
Rumania	39,207,000	,,

It will be noted that the U.S.A. now ranks only third, though a few years ago she held first place with ease.

THE rapid expansion of motoring during the past few years has had the inevitable result of attracting a similarly rapid expansion of motor legislation with the equivalent—and quite unavoidable—increase in the number of motoring prosecutions, a table of which I gave last month. If only police methods throughout the country could be standardised on sane and practical lines, a sweeping reduction in the number of prosecutions for purely technical offences could be effected.

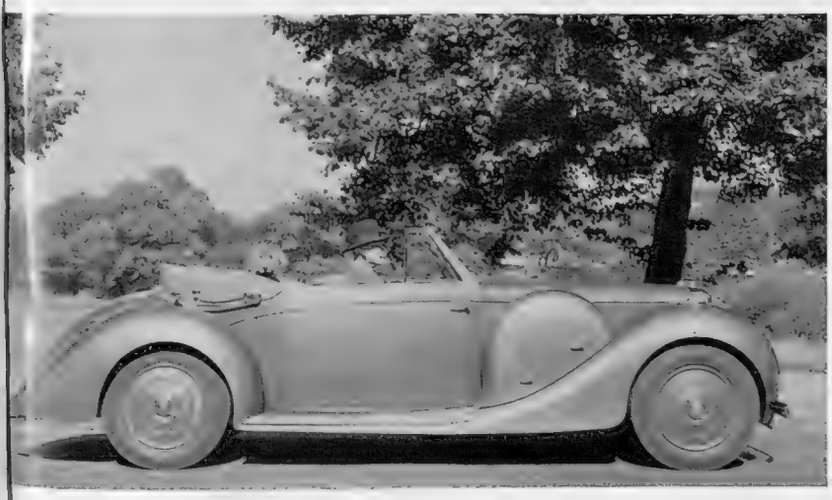
Evidence of the policy of the Metropolitan Police of co-operation with motorists is their new method of dealing with those who park their cars in inconvenient places. A green card headed "METROPOLITAN POLICE" is placed inside the car for the motorist to find on his return. It reads:

PARKING

is not authorised here. It is liable to cause obstruction.

THE POLICE

are responsible for keeping the streets clear. They would rather enlist your help than prosecute you.



Spring on the road: *the smart seasonable four-seater drop-head coupé is by W. O. Bentley, is available on a twelve- or six-cylinder Lagonda chassis*

Spring in the woods: *a Rolls-Royce has been driven into the trees at Tarr Steps, Devon. It is a Hooper limousine on a "Wraith" chassis*

"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION *(Continued)*

In the Cotswolds: *a 1939 Rover "Sixteen" saloon is seen before the Plough Inn at Clanfield.*

YOU

can help a great deal by leaving your car in a garage.

THIEVES

are obtaining a rich haul from cars left in streets, and also using them freely for criminal enterprises.

CO-OPERATION

by car-owners will prevent crime, protect property, free the traffic and greatly assist the police and the public.

The method is certainly more pleasant than that recently adopted by the police in Germany for dealing with minor offences—of letting the air out of the tyres and watching the unfortunate motorist blow them up again! It is reported that the green card idea is already showing good results; parking offences in the Metropolitan area are fewer.

Provincials, please copy!

To leave the grizzly subject of motoring offences and to return to the happy atmosphere of spring motoring, I have just heard particulars of a hush-hush new car of a revolutionary type. I am afraid I may not yet divulge its name, but it is being built in Coventry and is likely to cause a sensation when it comes on the market.

Most unusual, it is described as a "travelling cottage, a car and a caravan in one, with living and sleeping accommodation for four in a vehicle hardly any bigger, except in height, than a regular family five-seater. Behind the driving compartment is a kitchen cabinet and toilet, and behind that a 'lounge' with table and seats, which at night become beds, divided off into two compartments. The furnishings include a wardrobe, food larder, 15-gallon water-tank with electric motor to pump the water to the taps, gas oven and gas-fire supplied from cylinders carried under the floor, and a large skylight. The car is 17 ft. in length over-all and 6 ft. 3 in. wide, and it weighs a little over two tons."

It is understood that the car will be sold for about £700, but it is as yet doubtful whether it will be admitted as a private car at the 15s.-h.p. rate and unrestricted as to speed, or rated as a goods vehicle and limited to 30 m.p.h. In any case, its advantages for a touring holiday would be immense.

Since its introduction to racing in 1934, the E.R.A. car has been supreme in its class throughout the world, and it has been the only effective means of preventing the complete eclipse of this country in the motor-racing sphere. Now we are faced with the fact that, unless something is done, at the end of this year the firm of E.R.A. Ltd. may close down. Mr. Humphrey Cook, who has financed the firm during the whole of its existence, has said that he feels that he cannot continue on the present basis after this season. That he has done so for so long is truly wonderful.

The withdrawal of E.R.A. Ltd. is doubly disturbing in view of the fact that, firstly, the Italians consider this class of motor racing of such importance that they are giving state aid to the firms challenging the E.R.A. cars and it is rumoured that the Germans are building cars in this class; secondly, Mr. Cook has himself built four new and completely re-designed cars to meet this challenge. Surely this is not to be wasted effort?

Up to the present the only practical support offered to him has been through the E.R.A. Club, which is purely a "supporters club," started in 1935, and has no paid officials of any kind. Through the members' enthusiasm it has been able to offer him a small token of their admiration for his efforts, but this has been but a drop in the ocean.

The club feels that it would be doing him less than justice if it did not make an extra special effort to obtain further support now that Mr. Cook feels that help is needed. They appeal to the sportsmen of this country to show Mr. Cook, through the E.R.A. Club, that they appreciate his generosity and that they are willing to help him if they possibly can.

I shall be pleased to send on any letters to the club.

To return to private motoring, as opposed to motor racing, it is apparent that an increasing number of British motorists visit France every year, and as a large number of British tourists to France is likely during the coming season, some advice from the R.A.C. regarding the use of headlights in that country is timely.

It is not perhaps generally known that the law in France requires the rays from the headlamps of all French cars to be yellow. Cars belonging to foreigners on a temporary visit are, however, exempt from this regulation. Unfortunately, the nationality of a car cannot be distinguished by approaching traffic, particularly at night, and instances have been recorded of lorry-drivers in France driving their lorries straight at cars showing white headlights. Motorists intending to visit France may therefore find it advisable to see that their headlamps are converted to comply with French regulations. It is suggested that by far the cheapest and most convenient method of doing this is by fitting a pair of ordinary R.A.C. fog discs. These discs, which are supplied by the R.A.C. for use in fog, are made of amber paper of a special type, and can be fixed both to the head- and side-lamps. The resulting light is definitely yellow in colour, and would satisfy even the most temperamental of French lorry-drivers.

Supplies of these discs are obtainable by members free of charge from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1; from all R.A.C. branch offices, or from any R.A.C. roadside telephone-box.

Finally, here is a novel idea which will be welcomed by many motorists. It is a revolutionary suggestion put forward in a book on traffic problems, just published by Mr. G. W. Wray, who thinks that a satisfactory solution of the cyclist-motorist-pedestrian difficulty would be arrived at by compelling cyclists to share the pavements with pedestrians and leaving the roads exclusively to motorists.

Mr. Wray says in his book: "Clearly a modern road should have one main dominating function. It should provide a highway for slow-moving, sluggish-minded pedestrians, or it should provide a track for fast-moving mechanically-propelled vehicles. The two together—never. Why construct bicycle tracks when ideal ones actually exist, ready to hand and just asking to be used? In suggesting that bicyclists shall use the pavements there is no idea of their using the same track as pedestrians; rather, it is intended that the surplus pavement space shall be adapted for the exclusive use of the bicyclists."

The suggested scheme is not without interest, but contains too many difficulties to make it a better solution than that of specially-constructed separate cycle tracks. These, it is now generally recognised (except by some of the cycling organisations), are essential if main roads are to be really safe.

At the airport: *a Daimler 3½-litre light "Straight-Eight" saloon is seen at Hatfield against a "Flamingo" liner*

Privilege of Clergy

WELL, they'd have to have the garden party in the church hall. It had been raining since early morning, and the vicarage lawns were sodden.

The vicar looked out of his study window and waited for the crunch of tyres on his gravel drive. They should be back from the station by now, his curate, Peter, and the African bishop who was arriving for a visit on the 12.45.

" No need to 'phone for the taxi, Peter," he had said. " You'll manage in the ' Prefect.' The key of the ignition fits the luggage compartment. There'll be lots

of room for the bishop's suitcases in there out of the rain."

Peter had scratched his head. " How about the bishop ? "

" Lots of room for him. Don't forget I brought Mr. and Mrs. Tukle and their two children from Abbot's Farm the other day. If the ' Prefect ' fits *them*, it will fit any bishop born of man."

" True enough ! I'd better start."

" Have a look at the car clock, Peter. I always set my watch by the clock in the car."

* * *

They had finished lunch. Smoke from the vicar's best cigars hung in three fragrant clouds over the table.

" I have one, too," the bishop was saying, " . . . . a Ford, I mean. Mine is open, as cool as yours is snug. In Africa we have to take our motoring seriously. I think nothing of driving two hundred miles to a mission service."

" I doubt if you use your Ford more than I do," replied the vicar urbanely. " After all, we use it continuously—all day long—not all in the same direction, of course, but it travels just as far."

" Have you ever driven on African roads ? They test *any* springing, I can tell you."

" Have you ever seen the lane to Abbot's Farm in wet weather, my lord," interposed the curate, " or tried to negotiate the left-hand bend on the hill outside Miss Raughton's place ? "

" Of course I haven't," said the bishop, with a touch of asperity, " and your Ford hasn't climbed the Wemba Pass in top like mine has." He blew out his cheeks.

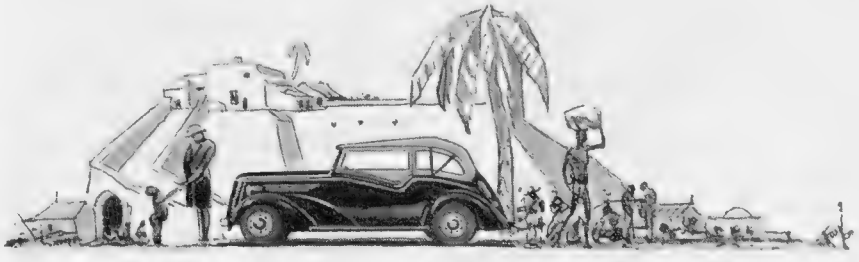
" Quite," said the vicar hastily. " Some more coffee, my lord ? " He looked at the clock. " Peter," he added, " you'd better go now and fetch Miss Raughton. She isn't nervous in the ' Prefect.' On the way

back, collect the flowers at the Cedars and then tell the Websters that the party's at the hall. They haven't a 'phone. Pick up Lady Louding, too. She has rheumatism and says her own car jolts her too much. You should be back for us in half an hour."

" Argumentative young man," said the bishop when the door had closed.

" Well, you see, we do use our Ford a lot in the parish. It's the taxi, the children's bus, the ambulance, the delivery van, all in one. And now even Lady Louding prefers it to her own car . . . Anyway, I think the three of us are agreed on one thing, that Ford cars are the finest value for money in the world."

THE "PREFECT" the Ten Ahead of its Class. SALOON £145
Double-Entrance Saloon £152. 10. Touring Car £155.
PRICES AT WORKS.



• FORD OWNERS WILL TELL YOU •

Make a close examination of the "Prefect" at any Ford Dealer's, or at the Ford Showrooms, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1. Catalogue from Ford Dealers, Everywhere

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

● "BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION (Continued)

Your Car for 1939

I DO not customarily indulge in prophecy, but I don't mind having the odd shirt on a record spring of new-car sales this year. The reaction from the otherwise best-forgotten events of last September-October has been the thawing-out of a certain amount of frozen private savings. What better form of personal indulgence could there be than investment—both financially and pleasurably—in a new car?

In my own small way, I have met dozens of friends in the last month or so who are all bent on getting a new car and I have no doubt that you have had the same experience. It is a good job, therefore, that with this potential demand at its doors, the Motor Trade has on offer this year the most attractive and efficient range of cars in the whole history of our third-greatest industry.

The only possible fly in the ointment is that, faced with this embarrassment of riches, the intending buyer finds it harder than ever to decide which car to acquire.

In Wales: this S.S. "Jaguar" 2½-litre saloon, photographed by the Horseshoe Pass, near Llangollen, has a maximum speed of over 90 m.p.h.

In Surrey: the car in this charming setting is a 4¼-litre Bentley with two-seater coachwork by Hooper

In the bracken: a De Soto "Six" saloon, a powerful, silent car capable of sustained performance, is seen in a bosky setting

BROADLY, the lines to go on are, first, to decide how much you wish to spend, what type of body you want and what type of engine (that is, a large horse-power job or an ultra-economical small one). This, of course, will narrow down the choice considerably and for the rest such questions as depreciation, ease of maintenance and general suitability for your individual type of motoring must be considered. I leave it to you to arrange in their proper order of precedence such other items as comfort, road-holding, appearance, luggage-room, speed and ease of control.

If one sets about the selection of one's new car really systematically, and conscientiously answers all the questions on a self-imposed questionnaire such as I have suggested, the choice is almost automatic.

Obviously it is rather invidious for me to pick out only certain cars for recommendation, but the few I mention here—in alphabetical order—are sufficiently varied in type to provide a guide to present-day new-car tendencies.

FIRST let us take the AUSTIN range. As ever, this make provides a wide choice of types, the most recently introduced of which is the Austin "Eight." This beautifully-proportioned little car created a sensation among the hard-bitten and innately wary motoring journalists who recently went to Birmingham to make its acquaintance for the first time. Indeed, I cannot remember ever having seen a new model better received.

It is, I think, the graceful lines and extreme roominess of this new "Eight" which make such a strong appeal, and the "big car feel" which the driver experiences. There are six models on the new Austin "Eight" chassis, these being as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Open two-seater	132	10	0
Open four-seater	135	0	0
Two-door fixed-head saloon ..	128	0	0
Two-door sliding-head saloon..	139	0	0
Four-door fixed-head saloon ..	139	0	0
Four-door sliding-head saloon	149	0	0

In addition, the Austin range comprises twenty-eight different models, of which no fewer than sixteen are less expensive than they were in 1938. Another newcomer to the range this year is the 28-h.p. "Ranelagh" limousine at £700.

OF all this year's cars, none is more delightful to drive than the BENTLEY. I can vouch from personal experience that it is an easy matter to average 50 m.p.h. on a long run on this car in perfect safety to oneself and everyone else, without a trace of fatigue. The new overdrive is an added refinement which all discriminating motorists must appreciate, giving, as it does, an indirect top-gear ratio of 3.64 to 1 and thus reducing revs. when cruising in top.

This year's Bentleys have notably lighter steering and bigger-section tyres, in addition to which a master switch and lock for the electrical equipment is now provided and the instrument board has been re-arranged. Only one chassis is offered and either the 3½-litre or 4¼-litre engine can be had at option.

IN the whole history of the CHRYSLER Corporation—always noted for its leadership in the introduction of new motoring features and fashions—I do not think that their range has ever before pioneered such a practical novelty as their new form of gear change. A hand-lever, mounted on the steering column close up beneath the wheel itself, operates by the merest flick of the driver's finger.

The Chrysler range also incorporates an overdrive gear which is automatically brought into action ingeniously by the simple expedient of momentarily releasing the accelerator pedal and then re-depressing it. Prices in the Chrysler range start at

(Continued on page 366)

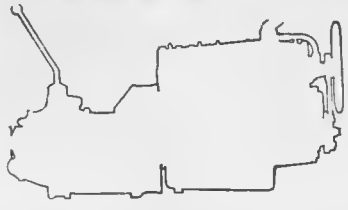
The AUSTIN '28' at £595

AN entirely new model—news at the Motor Show : news wherever motorists gather to discuss and compare. The Austin '28' Ranelagh Limousine is a most luxurious car, with all the famous Austin dependability. The long wheelbase of 11 ft. 4 in. gives a magnificent sweep to the lines of the car and provides spacious comfort inside.

Most people will use this as a chauffeur-driven car, and the passenger compartment has been very carefully planned. Both engine and gearbox are mounted in 'live' rubber, and the steel panels, doors and floors are fully insulated against heat and noise. Ventilation is draught-free and easily adjustable.

Owners, who may sometimes wish to drive themselves, will find both the steering and synchromesh gear-change delightful to handle. The smooth six-cylinder engine rated at 27.75 h.p. has a high compression aluminium head and a b.h.p. of 90 at 3,200 revs. giving a distinctly lively performance to the car.

FULL COMFORT *for five at the back. Notice the wide doors and fully upholstered forward-facing occasional seats. The rear seat is adjustable and folding footrests and softly upholstered armrests are also provided.*



ENGINE AND CHASSIS: The 4016 c.c. 6-cylinder engine has inclined side valves and a detachable head, down-draught carburation, anodised aluminium pistons, a 4-bearing crankshaft with vibration damper and 'live' rubber mountings. Outstanding features are pressure lubricated tappets and floating filter pick-up for the oil pump. Transmission is from 4-speed gear-box with synchromesh for 2nd, 3rd and top through two-piece propeller shaft to three-quarter floating rear axle. Powerful Girling brakes. Hydraulic shock absorbers and built-in Smith's Jackall Jacks. 12-volt electrical system with compensated voltage control and automatic advance and retard.

BODY AND EQUIPMENT: Seven seats fully upholstered. Sliding glass partition. Partition blind and passenger-controlled rear blind. Sliding rear quarter windows. Fitted telephone, thick carpets and many other interior fittings. Pistol-grip handbrake enabling driver to leave by nearside door. Dual electric screen wipers, twin horns, sun visors. Illuminated instruments. Automatic return direction indicators. Chromium-plated lamps and fittings. Totally enclosed spare wheel and tyre. Generous luggage accommodation with two fitted suitcases.

Price at works **£595**

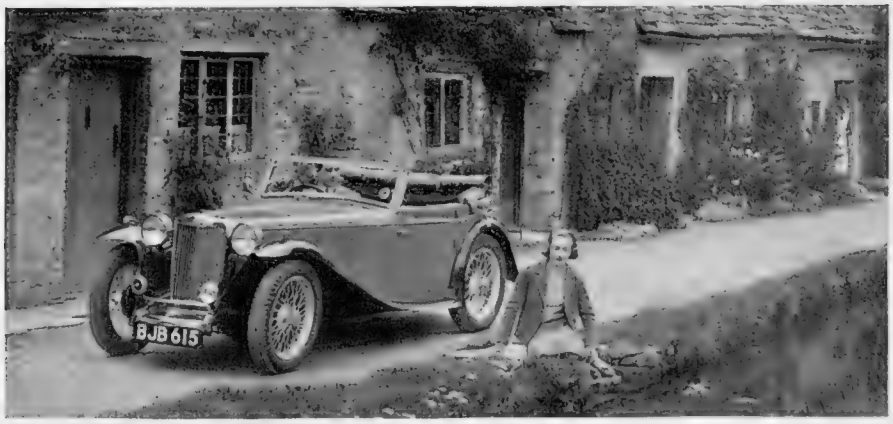
Have you seen this month's Austin Magazine?

AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

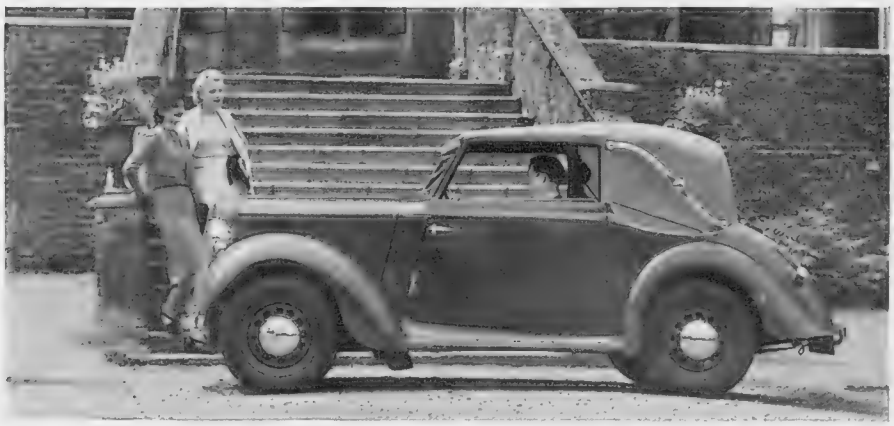
7.G.39

"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION (Continued)



M.G. "Midget": this drop-head coupé, seen at Bibury, can be adapted in three positions — closed, coupé-de-ville, open

Vauxhall: tourers in a 1939 "Ten" saloon stop to study the route at the foot of Watkin's path to Snowdon



Hillman "Minx": the 1939 model of this remarkably popular car incorporates various new refinements of use and comfort

B.S.A. "Scout": this little car, front-wheel driven, can be relied on to go anywhere, rough or smooth, broad or narrow

£310 for the 19.8-h.p. "Plymouth" Saloon and mount to £550 for the 33.8-h.p. "Imperial" Saloon—and very excellent motoring is provided for the money.

THE DAIMLER-LANCHESTER-B.S.A. range for 1939 is an ambitious one. This year's cars in each case show a considerable and logical modernisation of what were already notably sound designs.

In addition to these modifications, however, new 2½-litre and 4-litre engines are introduced into the DAIMLER range, both of which give off a very satisfactory power output, the result of which is that the new Daimlers while looking extremely smart are also capable of holding high speeds for prolonged periods. It is, of course, well known that all the cars in the royal mews are now either Daimlers or Lanchesters, and "Fit for a King" is a phrase which, in the case of these cars, has achieved actuality. Daimlers have, in fact, been used as royal cars ever since 1898 when King Edward VII., who was then Prince of Wales, bought a 6-h.p. Daimler and later became the first monarch in the world to have owned a motor-car. So many of the finest coach-building firms build bodies specially for Daimler chassis, that it is not possible to list all the available styles here, but it may be said that the models range from the 18-h.p. Saloon at £485 to the "Straight Eight" limousine at £1825.

THE LANCHESTER models are less numerous but almost as comprehensive. They fall into three horse-power classes—10.82 h.p., 14.06 h.p. and 19.3 h.p., at £295, £375 and £525 respectively. In each case saloons and sports saloons are listed. In the smallest class the "Sports Saloon" costs £3 extra, but no extra charge is made on the higher-powered chassis. In the case of the 14-h.p. chassis, ordinary synchro-mesh transmission instead of the usual fluid flywheel type can be had, if desired, at a reduction of £25. These soundly-made cars are eminently easy to drive and have an exceedingly satisfying performance.

As to the B.S.A. range, these very smart little cars, which incorporate front-wheel drive, are obtainable in three styles—an open two-three-seater at £168, an open four-seater at £176 and the recently introduced two-door, four-light saloon at £196. This year's car has an entirely newly-designed engine and the suspension is such that the makers have adopted for it the slogan, "The Car for Safer Motoring."

THE DODGE range is split into three horse-power categories, the first being the 19.8-h.p. "Six," in which class the saloon costs £365, and which is also available with the alternative of a 24-h.p. engine at the same price, the tax being in one case £15 and in the other £18. The second model is the 25.3-h.p. De Luxe "Six" Saloon at £415. On this chassis a seven-passenger saloon and a limousine are also available. Finally, there is the 33.8-h.p. "Custom Eight" Saloon at £550.

These cars embody the same style of gear-shift and overdrive as the Chrysler and provide a very snappy performance despite the apparent massiveness and the roomy comfort of their ample bodies.

THE FORD Company plays such a notable part in British motoring, and is so insistent in its publicity that it is rather a case of emphasising the known to reiterate that their range comprises the popular "Eight," the new "Prefect," the 22-h.p. "V-8" and the 30-h.p. "V-8" models.

The cheapest of these is the 8-h.p. "Saloon" at £115, while the 30-h.p. "Club Cabriolet" is £290. In addition, there are the "Estate" car and the "Utility Commercial" both at £315.

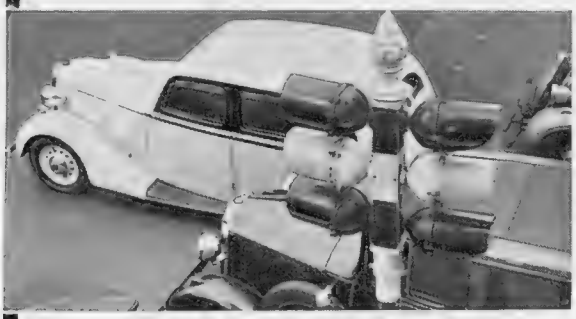
The "Prefect" is the new edition of the 10-h.p. model, and with its redesigned front and pleasing lines generally it forms a

(Continued on page ii)

THE CAR THAT GIVES YOU EVERYTHING

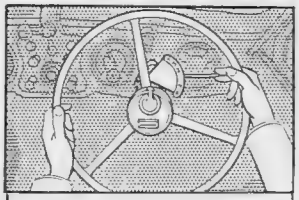
Notice how stable. Not a trace of roll on corners — at 53 m.p.h. on this occasion. Result of independent springing, clever weight distribution and anti-roll bars.

Roomy is more than a sales-phrase here — it's a fact. There's head-room, elbow-room and leg-room in the back. In the medium h.p. class, it's a big car.

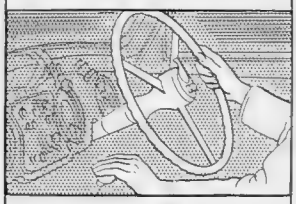


Plenty of passengers, this trip — but plenty of ginger under the bonnet, too ! Car has a high power-weight ratio, even when fully loaded. Hence the get-away. And hence the well-over-seventy maximum.

LET'S sit down and design the car *you* want. A sensible *sizeable* car, with comfort for five. Yet low-slung and with modern flowing lines. Fit a powerful engine to give good get-away and easy cruising at 60—yet with a tax of only £10 . 10 . 0. Fit independent front wheel springing for steady cornering, and for riding comfort at all speeds. Add the best steering you've ever tried, and a choice of gear controls — Daimler fluid flywheel transmission or synchro-mesh and clutch. Fit a famous radiator and the distinction that goes with it — and that is the LANCHESTER Roadrider. A very fine motor car at a price you can afford — the car that gives you *everything*.



Daimler Fluid Flywheel transmission — gears that you pre-select without taking your hand off the wheel—no gear lever, no clutch . . .

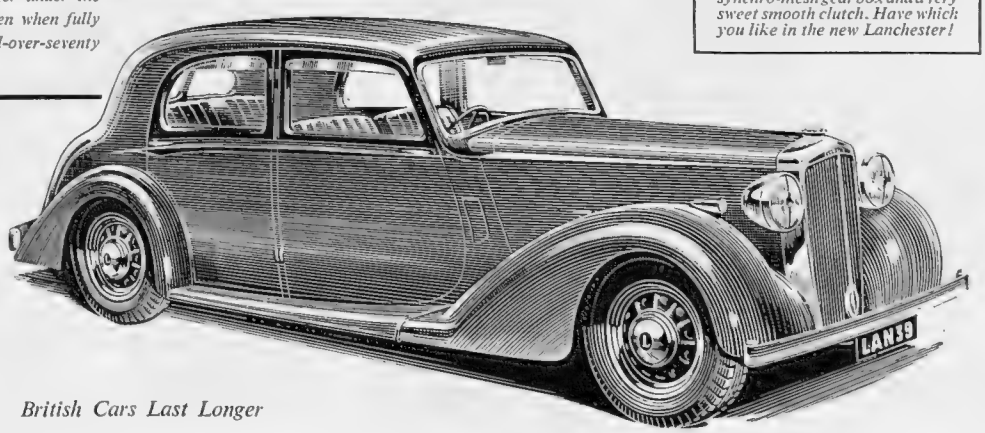


Instead, if you still prefer the ordinary gear change, a silent synchro-mesh gear box and a very sweet smooth clutch. Have which you like in the new Lanchester!

The new

LANCHESTER

Roadrider



SPORTS SALOON or SIX-LIGHT SALOON £375
with synchro-mesh gearbox £350
TAX £10 . 10

Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission is licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

Learn more about this splendid car. Send a postcard to the Lanchester Motor Co., Coventry, for free illustrated catalogue and name of your local Lanchester dealer.

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

One thing, at least, the Dodge has in common with its village background — a great tradition. But whereas the village remains unchanged with the years, your Dodge embodies the accumulated knowledge and experience of a whole generation of master car-designers. The name Dodge has stood for fine cars for 25 years and today Dodge still leads with motoring's newest developments. Such features as Dual Power Transmission and Steering Column Gear Control—to name two of many—give Dodge a quality of its own. In a world of standardisation, driving a Dodge is a unique and fine experience which we should like *you* to enjoy. Your local Dodge dealer can make all the arrangements at your convenience.

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"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION *(Continued)*

The Austin "Eight": this is a newcomer which should corner an immediate market for itself. It is seen at Alcester

notable addition to a notable range. The price of the standard two-door Saloon is £145, that of the four-door de luxe Saloon is £152 10s., on which leather upholstery and a sliding roof can be obtained for an extra £10. A tourer completes the styles of body on this chassis and is listed at £155.

The Hillman "Minx" and "Fourteen," which proved so very popular in 1938, are continued for the coming season with only minor modifications, apart from what might seem almost impossible—a reduction in price!

The very fully-equipped and well-turned-out "Minx" really does bring luxury motoring within the pocket of almost anyone earning £6 per week or so. The "Safety" Saloon costs but £163 and provides a sweet-running, roomy and comfortable little car, a notable feature of which is its extreme economy. Other styles on this chassis are the "Touring" Saloon at £166, the "Saloon de Luxe" at £175 and the four-seater "Drophead Coupé" at £210. On the 14-h.p. chassis the "Safety" Saloon costs £239 and the "De Luxe" Saloon £255.

A word here about Hooper coachwork—because this is where it belongs in our alphabetical list.

While this old-established firm has been famous for its high-class coachwork on Rolls-Royce and Bentley chassis for many years past, it is perhaps not so widely recognised as it should be that the House of Hooper will always be glad to quote for special bodies for any type of chassis. Many of the more discriminating drivers whose habit it is to have their own particular ideas built into their cars, regularly go to Hoopers because they know that these coachwork craftsmen take a genuine interest in their work—a quality so essential to really good, specialised coachwork.

This year's Hudson-Essex models are distinguished by a new steering-wheel gear-change, a bonnet which is locked and unlocked from the dash and a brand-new type of suspension termed, in rather typical Americanese, "Auto-Poise." There are three types in the Hudson range, these being the 16.9-h.p. model from £295; the 21.6-h.p. Hudson "Six" from £335; and the Hudson "Country Club" with either a 21.6-h.p. six-cylinder engine, or an "Eight" of 26.8-h.p. from £425.

The new 26.88-h.p. Humber "Super Snipe" is one of the outstanding cars of 1939. Its top-gear performance is unequalled by any other British car. From my own experience of this car I can vouch for its ability to give drivers a thrill by its knife-edged acceleration, yet at the same time inspire him with complete confidence, for it handles beautifully and its road-holding and brakes are alike excellent.

In saloon form this model costs £385, while a Sports Saloon is listed at £430. Other Humber cars range from the 16.95-h.p. "Sixteen" Saloon at £345 to the 26.88-h.p. Pullman Limousine and Landaulette, both of which cost £750.

The twelve-cylinder Lagonda has elicited unstinting praise from a number of critics whose judgment is above question. The 41.85-h.p. twelve-cylinder engine is regarded as the ultimate achievement of that motor-maestro, W. O. Bentley, while the Lagonda body-work and general turn-out are, of course, almost legendary.

There are six models listed with this power-unit, the cheapest of which is the "Rapide Coupé" on the 10 ft. 4 in. chassis at £1600 and the costliest is the seven-seater limousine at £1850. The Lagonda Company also list short- and long-chassis models with a 29.13-h.p. engine at prices ranging from £1225 for the Short Saloon to £1295 for the long-chassis Saloon de Ville.

M.G. Cars for 1939 include the new "Type W.A. 2.6-litre" model with its 20-h.p. engine, with an ingenious system of automatic oil-temperature control. On this chassis the saloon costs £442, the four-seater drop-head coupé £468 and the open four-seater £450. The M.G. "Midget" Series T is continued at £222 for the two-seater and £269 10s. for the folding head coupé, while the 12-h.p

(Continued on page iv)

IT ISN'T THE MILES—

it's the LUXURY FEATURES *of the*

FLYING STANDARD FOURTEEN

that take the trouble out of travel!

All luggage safely stowed in the extra large boot at the back (*Big enough to hold suitcases or golf-bags and a really outsize trunk on the open lid!*) . . . Four passengers snugly ensconced in wide deep-sprung seats (*There's so much room in this car!*) . . . Driver ready at the wheel with everything to hand that makes driving easy and delightful (*Such things as telescopic steering column; Lucas twin electric wind horns; fog lamp; four-speed synchromesh gearbox!*) . . . That's the way to travel! That's the way to make the miles fly past! *In a Flying Standard "Fourteen" Touring Saloon . . .*

OPENING QUARTER-LIGHTS . . . . WINDOW LOUVRES . . . . EXTRA LARGE LUGGAGE BOOT . . . . 53" WIDE REAR SEAT . . . . FOLDING TABLES, FOLDING CENTRE ARM-REST . . . . UNPLEATED TYPE UPHOLSTERY . . . . TORSION BAR AT FRONT FOR IMPROVED STABILITY . . . . 68 M.P.H. . . . . 28 M.P.G.

"Fourteen" Touring Saloon PRICE **£268.**
14 h.p. Drop-head Coupé £288. Other Flying Standard models (8 h.p.—20 h.p.) £125—£299. All prices ex works. Triplex Glass. Dunlop tyres.

Write for literature to: The Standard Motor Company, Limited, Coventry.
West End Showrooms: "Standard Cars," 37 Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5011

BRITISH CARS ARE BEST—IN THE LONG RUN

«

"BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION (Continued)

1½-litre "Type VA." model is also listed with a four-door saloon at £325, an Open Tourer four-seater at £280 and a Folding-head foursome at £351. The M.G. range is completed by the 17.97-h.p. 2-litre "Type S.A." model with four-door saloon at £389, Open four-seater Tourer at £399 and Folding-head foursome at £415.

MORRIS MOTORS, LIMITED, believe in spreading their interests; thus their range spans from 25-h.p. models costing up to £345 for the Special Coupé on the "Series III." chassis, to the reliable little Series "E" 8-h.p. two-seater at £132 10s. which makes an ideal "second car"; its economy, ease of maintenance and handiness in traffic rendering it particularly suitable for use by a lady on shopping expeditions when her husband is out on business in the larger family saloon. In between these two extremes come eleven other models, so it will be seen that Morris Motors, Limited, believe in spreading their interests!

THE outstanding new RENAULT model is the smart little 8.3-h.p. Saloon which sells at the remarkably low figure of £140. This car is winning great popularity and is quite one of the best-selling foreign cars on the British market—a position it holds on sheer merit.

Other Renault models for 1939 are the 12-h.p. Saloon at £198 and the 26.8-h.p. Limousine at £420, with nine models exemplifying a pleasing variety of coachwork coming in between these two price extremes.

WHEN the name ROLLS ROYCE appears it is really almost superfluous to say any more. Rolls Royce stands for all that is unimpeachable in design and craftsmanship.

It is realised, of course, that not everyone can afford a Rolls Royce, but there can be no doubt that everyone can covet one!

The introduction of the new 25.30-h.p. "Wraith" was the sensation of the Earl's Court Show. That a less expensive Rolls Royce should become available was a complete surprise, even though the price was still beyond the reach of any but the more fortunate. As an Enclosed Limousine the new Rolls Royce is listed at £1610; the Six-light Saloon is £1625 (with division £1660); the Touring Limousine £1730, and the Four-light Saloon £1695. The "Phantom III." is continued, of course, the Enclosed Limousine costing £2670; the Saloon (with division) £2675, and the Touring Limousine £2750.

DETAIL improvements only distinguish the 1939 ROVERS from their prototypes, with the notable exception of the interesting new 14-h.p. six-cylinder, which sells in Saloon form at £330 (Sports Saloon £10 extra), and as a most attractive Drop-head coupé at £398. New coachwork is available on the 10-h.p. chassis.

Of the detail improvements to which I refer, the most important undoubtedly is the re-designed cooling system. Instead of the water pump sucking the hot water out of the engine, an impeller now injects cold water. "Rover" free-wheel and synchro-mesh gears are incorporated in all models.

On the six-cylinder models (*i.e.*, the new 14-h.p., and the 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. models) anti-roll stabilisers are also fitted front and rear. Twelve models are listed at prices ranging from £275 to £478.

FOR looks coupled with performance, few cars to-day enjoy a more enviable reputation than the very handsome range of S.S. JAGUARS. Here again "No change from 1938" is the order of the day—and, after all, change for change's sake is no fun either for the manufacturer or the owner, so when demand for your car is already up to your output capacity, a "No Change" policy is the obvious one to adopt. The S.S. range, therefore, comprises their justly famous 1½-litre, 2½-litre and 3½-litre

(Concluded on page vi)

Standard "Twelve": this example of the marque noted for its hill-climbing is seen outside Montacute House, near Yeovil

The Rover Company Limited. *Coventry and Devonshire House, London.*

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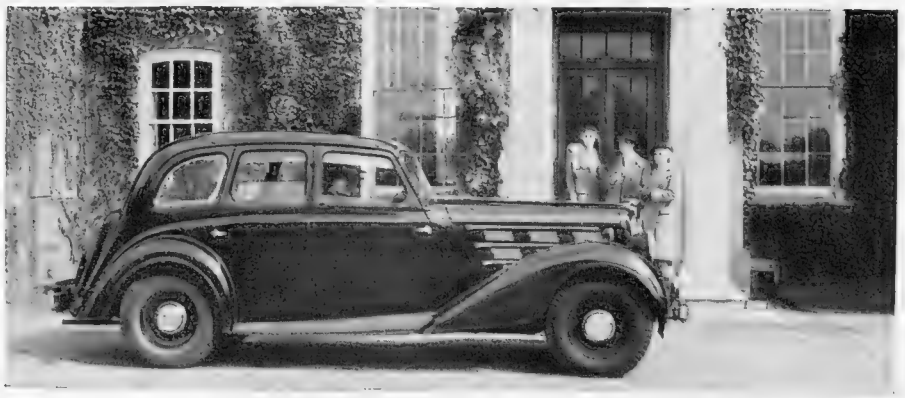
● "BYSTANDER" SPRING MOTOR SECTION (Concluded)



Morris: the "Twenty-Five" saloon is a spacious, fast and easy car, suitable for family use

models, ranging in price from £298 for the 1½-litre "Jaguar" Saloon to £465 for the 3½-litre "Jaguar" Drop-head Coupé.

WHEN the STANDARD Motor Company recently announced its wonderful little 8-h.p. Drop-head at the startlingly low price of £159, it well and truly put the competitive cat among the manufacturing pigeons! This neat but roomy little car is extraordinarily well-finished and, with its independent front-wheel suspension and consumption figure of 46 m.p.g., it is indeed an excellent proposition.

Fourteen models in addition to this striking little newcomer are listed at prices from £149 to £325.

WHEN it was announced, just before the last Motor Show, that the Sunbeam and Talbot interests were to be fused, it was wondered just what effect this merger was likely to have upon those cars which in future were destined to be known as SUNBEAM-TALBOTS. Subsequent events have shown that through the amalgamation a new and striking entity has emerged. The Sunbeam-Talbot combines all the best features of both cars.

The 3-litre model is the high spot of the range and is offered in four attractive body-styles—the Saloon at £415, the Sports Tourer at £445, the Sports Saloon at £485, and the Drop-head Coupé at £525.

Outstanding features of all these models are their independent front suspension, their stabilising bumpers and their hand-controlled shock-absorbers. There are three body-styles on the 10-h.p. Sunbeam-Talbot chassis, these being the Sports Tourer at £250, the four-door Sports Saloon at £265, and the Drop-head foursome Coupé at £285. In every case, good looks and excellent finish are distinguishing factors on these Sunbeam-Talbots, coupled with a performance which leaves nothing to be desired.

THE VAUXHALL Company has gone "all out" on Economy Motoring for 1939, and their various models certainly do give the most wonderful consumption figures without losing anything in the matter of performance. Chiefly responsible for these amazing achievements is the heavily-patented method of carburation employed. "Six-phased carburation" they call it, and, put into Mr. Everyman's lingo, this means that a device is employed whereby the engine automatically adjusts its own mixture and spark-setting to the existing working conditions. Chassis construction of a new type is also used, in which the chassis and body are welded together into one unit—a method which results in a considerable economy in weight and, consequently, snappier performance.

Ten-, twelve- and twenty-five-horse-power models complete the range and prices range between £168 for the 10-h.p. Standard Saloon and £630 for the 25-h.p. "Grosvenor" Luxury Limousine and seven-seater Saloon models.

LAST—but only because W comes so late in the alphabet!—we have the WOLSELEY. If ever a car earned the enviable popularity it enjoys, that car is the Wolseley. Planned and designed with brains, and built with a facile ability which makes the whole process appear disarmingly easy, the Wolseley is an example of the success of sheer logic in business.

No car of recent years has more exactly hit off the popular need than this Company's newly-announced 10-h.p. Saloon. In looks, as well as in performance, this model is quite a long way above the usual run of small cars. Even with its numerous big-car refinements, this little masterpiece sells at £215.

Other models in the notable Wolseley range for 1939 are the 12-48-h.p. Saloon at £245 (sliding head £11 extra); the 14-60-h.p. Saloon at £285; the 16-65-h.p. Saloon at £320; the 18-85-h.p. Saloon at £325; the 21-h.p. Saloon at £395; and three 25-h.p. models—the Saloon at £395, the Drop-head Coupé at £498 and the Limousine at £775.

MORRIS RECORD SALES are the finest ASSURANCE POLICY when buying a car

People talk—especially about cars. A man who feels a pride in his car every time he uses it is not slow to pass on his enthusiasm to his friends. It is only in this way that sales can grow—as Morris sales have—to become a record for the Industry. Just because these record sales are based on the enthusiasm of actual owners, they are a guide you can trust—an assurance policy that sets its seal on the wisdom of your choice.

MORRIS TWELVE-FOUR Series III Tax £9
SALOON (*Fixed Head*) - £205 SALOON (*Sliding Head*) - £215
Jackall Hydraulic Jacks £5 extra. "TripleX" Safety Glass. Prices ex works.

PEOPLE TALK – that's the foundation of **MORRIS** *success!*

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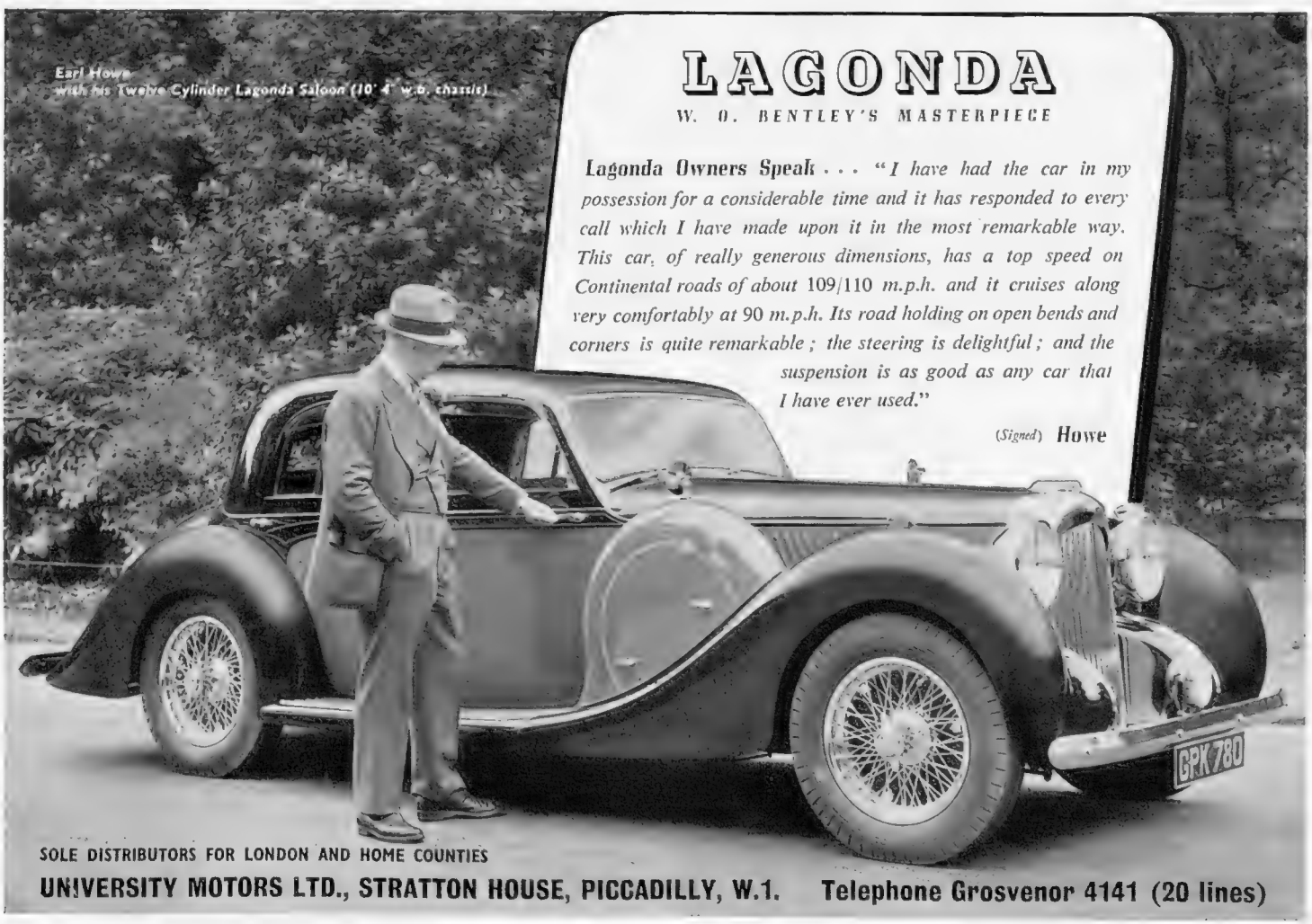

LAGONDA

W. O. BENTLEY'S MASTERPIECE

Lagonda Owners Speak . . . *"I have had the car in my possession for a considerable time and it has responded to every call which I have made upon it in the most remarkable way. This car, of really generous dimensions, has a top speed on Continental roads of about* 109/110 *m.p.h. and it cruises along very comfortably at* 90 *m.p.h. Its road holding on open bends and corners is quite remarkable; the steering is delightful; and the suspension is as good as any car that I have ever used."*

(*Signed*) **Howe**

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf: *(Continued from page 354)*

was arrived at which would restrict the distance the golf ball could be hit.

THOSE who are in favour of retaining the present ball—which, strange to relate, was introduced with the idea of reducing the distance the ball can be hit—declare that, if a ball is made legal which cannot be hit as far as the present ball, a large number of bad players of the game will give it up. The same men are opposed to larger or lighter balls, and declare that they are neither necessary nor desirable. When you question them, you nearly always find that they are condemning a ball to which not a single one of them has personally given any trial whatsoever. They also declare that it is only a few of the leading players who produce the numerous ridiculously low scores which are now so prevalent. This latter contention is clearly untrue. For example, the winner of the National Tournament promoted by the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, who was playing from a handicap of 12, returned a score of 64 at Wentworth last August. It is surely hard to justify, therefore, the supposition that it is only the leading players who produce very low scores.

Scottish Wallaby: *the baby in pouch was born under Lady Forteviot's care at Dupplin Castle, Perthshire, is believed the first wallaby to have been bred in Scotland*

THE members of the Rules of Golf Committee cannot be expected to have an intimate knowledge of how a golf ball is made. It is therefore of little value for them to lay down a specification of a ball without consulting the ball manufacturers; the latter should be informed what type of ball the Rules of Golf Committee considers desirable and told to produce balls of this type. They should also be asked not to keep on advertising that their own balls go farther than their competitors'.

A LOT of nonsense is talked about the elderly members, always referred to (and quite correctly) as the backbone of the game, by people who imagine that a ball which will not go so far will place this class of golfer at a great disadvantage. Far from being placed at a disadvantage if a shorter ball is introduced, the elderly golfer should gain very considerably. He will, firstly, not have to put his hand into his pocket quite so often as he does at present, as the cost of the upkeep of golf courses will be reduced; secondly, he will be able to play two rounds a day in comfort as the courses would be shortened, and many long walks from greens to tees could be avoided; and, thirdly, he may possibly, even in winter, hit a brassie shot off the fairway and off the meat at the same time. The construction of new golf holes and the alterations to existing courses would also be less costly. Besides, the elderly gentlemen, who give their balls gentle, ladylike pats, will certainly lose less length in proportion than the long players, who give the ball nasty, hard, cruel blows, if a ball which could not be hit so far is introduced.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

WHO NEVER GETS A HEADACHE?

IF there is anyone who never gets a headache, who never wakes up in the morning with a head feeling muzzy and woolly and unable to concentrate and think clearly, this is not for him. But for nine out of ten of us, here is something really important.

When you get a headache, whether it is caused by over-work, or worry or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, ten to one you're suffering from an acid condition as well. It's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is *bound* to come back.

Next time take a sparkling, bubbling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the two-fold cure for headaches. It contains no Aspirin but it shifts the worst headache like magic and at the same time it counteracts the acid which is the real cause of your head.

Get a 1/3d. bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from your chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

The Quickest and Best way to cure any type of headache —a sparkling glass of

BROMO-SELTZER

Contains NO Aspirin

Wherever you go..

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The most popular call by Sportsmen and Spectators alike is for "Canadian Club"

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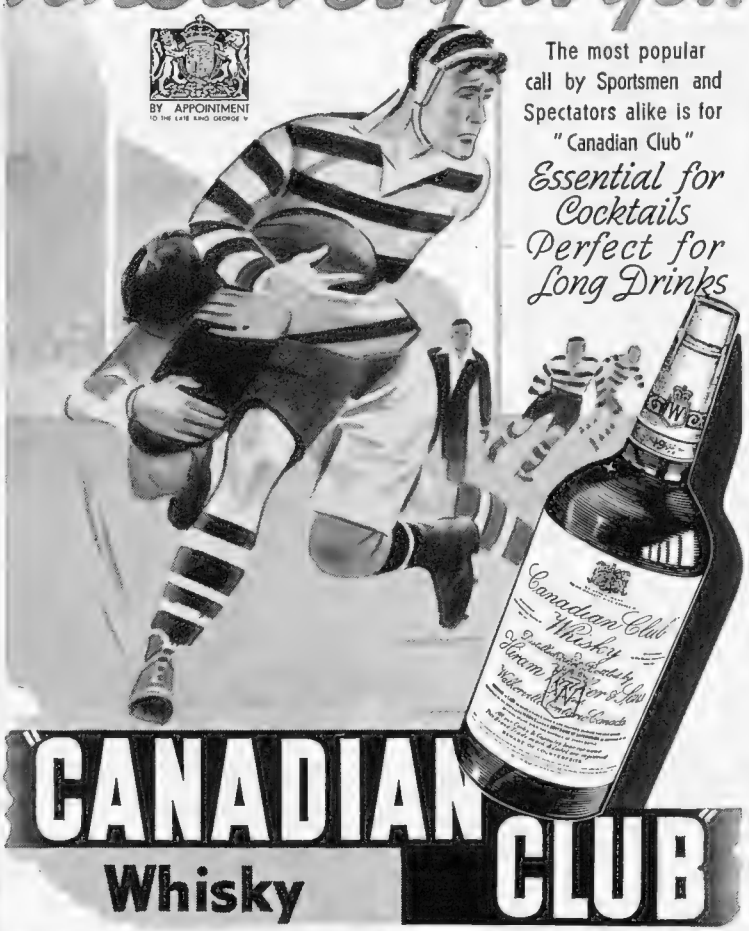

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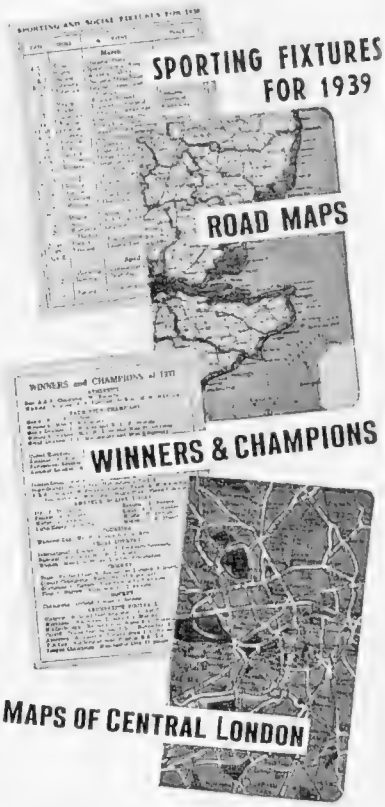

The 1939 edition of "The Sporting and Dramatic" Fixture Pocket Diary contains much information useful to the Sportsman and Motorist. It is bound in leatherette. Copies can be obtained from The Publisher (address below). Price 6D. post free.

The ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC
32/34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1939. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre company in Shaw's jibe at the medical profession: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.—Guthrie's production of Ibsen, cast headed by Edward Chapman, Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Walter Hudd: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, How SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE JEALOUS GOD.—Benn Levy's comedy is quite good entertainment, but does not face up to its subject: Constance Cummings, Irene Vanbrugh: Lyric, 8.15. Wed., 2.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley gallantly tackles the after-death theme with the help of scenic miscellany and Ralph Richardson: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOTHER.—Karel Capek's last and most moving play, with Louise Hampton in the name-part: Garrick, 8.30.

NORA.—Marius Goring's production of *The Doll's House*, with Lucie Mannheim in the name-part she played successfully abroad: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH.—Laidman Browne, Lydia Sherwood, Mary Jones, in an interesting but not enthralling play about marriage and divorce: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability, outraged by Diana Churchill: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WE AT THE CROSS ROADS.—Keith Winter's new play has a strong cast headed by Hugh Williams, Adrienne Allen, Jill Esmond: Globe, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WORTH A MILLION.—Edmund Gwenn and Claude Hulbert deserve a better farce than this: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 8—March 14

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 117.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

"Grandfather's Further Follies"

Roberta Huby appears thus as Belle of New York in the Grosvenor House cabaret

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Adelphi (6.25 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

BLACK AND BLUE.—Called an intimate rag, this variety has Frances Day and Vic Oliver topping the bill: Hippodrome, to-night, 8th.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and [illegible]mione Gingold head the cast in this Christma[illegible]rned perennial: Ambassadors, Thurs., 9th.

CINEMAS

BLACK ROSES (British).—Lilian Harvey, Esmond Knight in a story of Russian oppression in Finland: Forum.

CAFÉ SOCIETY (American).—Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll in a tale of spoiled darlings at play: Plaza (from Friday).

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a competent mediocrity: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE DAWN PATROL (American).—Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn and David Niven in a thrilling account of the R.F.C.'s war activities: Warner.

GANGSTER'S BOY (American).—Jackie Cooper in another film of tough youth: Regal.

GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—Françoise Rosay, Marie Glory in a circus film by Jacques Feyder: Academy.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Gaumont.

LE JOUEUR D'ECHECS (French).—A new version of the bizarre story of intrigue under Catherine II. of Russia: Conrad Veidt and Françoise Rosay: Berkeley.

KENTUCKY (American).—Loretta Young, Richard Greene head the cast in a racing story: New Gallery.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (American).—Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, and all Hollywood's ingenuity in another horror-striker: Leicester Square.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film, delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Carlton.

SWEETHEARTS (American).—Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald in a flowery musical: Empire.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

THE WARE CASE (British).—Great acting by Clive Brook as a charming villain; also Jane Baxter and Barry Barnes: Odeon.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—Capra's joke about the salt of the earth and the rich: Tivoli.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

DER ROSENKAVALIER.—To-night, 8th, 7.45.

EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, GISELLE.—Thurs., 9th, 8.30.

IL TROVATORE.—Fri., 10th, 8.

FAUST, with ballet.—Sat., 11th, 8.30.

DER ROSENKAVALIER.—Sat., 11th, 7.45.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Mon., 13th, 8.30.

FIDELIO.—Tues., 14th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recital

RACHMANINOFF.—A Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Liszt programme: Queen's Hall, Sat., 11th, 3.

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts the orchestra, B.B.C. choral society and three soloists in Holst's Hymn of Jesus and Honegger's King David: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in Bloch's violin concerto with Szigeti (first English performance), Beethoven's second and Dvorak's New World symphonies: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 9th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture, Wagner, Tchaikowsky's Pathetic, Mozart's Violin concerto in D (Ida Haendel): Covent Garden, Sun., 12th, 3.15.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The Budapest Quartet and John Moore in a Schubert, Mozart programme: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 12th, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Anthony Collins conducts in a Mozart, Dvorak, Holbrooke programme, with Tchaikowsky's violin concerto, op. 35 (Huberman): Queen's Hall, Mon., 13th, 8.15.

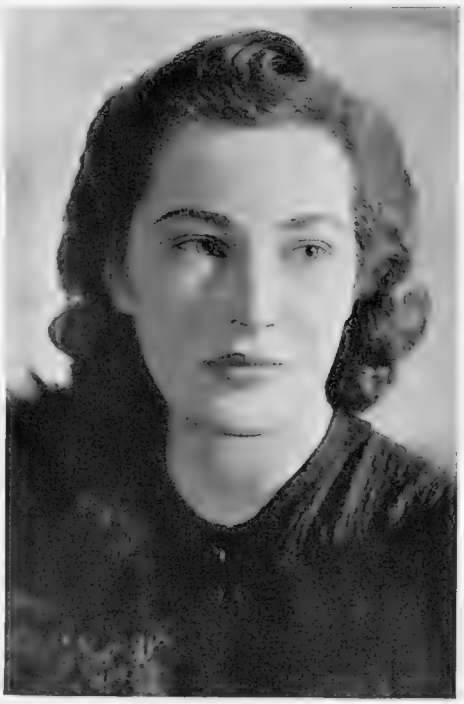
EXHIBITIONS

SCOTTISH ART.—Last days at Burlington House.

ORIENTAL MANUSCRIPTS AND MINIATURES.—Baroda House, Kensington, to-day, 8th; and Thurs., 9th.

and WE have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Bassano

Diana Elizabeth Buxton

Is engaged to Lieut. Adrian James Dent, R.N., youngest son of Sir Francis Dent, of 56, Curzon Street, W.1, and the late Lady Dent. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Buxton, of 5, Cranley Place, S.W.7

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Janet Murdoch

Is engaged to Richard Mercer Keene Slater, younger son of S. H. Slater, of Keene House, Guildford, Surrey, and Mrs. Amyas Borton, of Chevenye, Yalding, Kent. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Clive Murdoch, of Westerhill, Linton, Kent

Catherine Bell

Helen O'Mahony

Helen Mary Patricia de Lacy O'Mahony, the daughter of the O'Mahony of Kerry and Madam O'Mahony, of Grange Con, Co. Wicklow, is engaged to Captain Richard Kennett Page, Royal Artillery, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Kennett Page, of Upton Lodge, Bursledon, Hants

Fayer

Viola Diana Leslie Johnson

Is the daughter of the late Leslie Arnott Johnson, of Laragh House, Bandon, Co. Cork, and Mrs. Johnson, of Lansdowne House, Taplow, Bucks. She is engaged to Henry M. de B. Romilly, Leicestershire Regiment, only son of the late Captain F. H. Romilly and Mrs. Romilly, of 76, Queensborough Terrace W.2

Bassano

Ursula Haggerston

Is the younger daughter of the late Sir E. Charlton de Marie Haggerston, Bt., and sister of the present baronet, Sir Carnaby de Marie Haggerston, of Ellingham Hall, Chathill, Northumberland. Her fiancé is Richard Grenville Harrison, son of Col. L. K. Harrison, of Springfield House, Leicester, and the late Mrs. Harrison

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Marsh

Is the elder daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. F. G. Marsh, of Pinewood, Hordle, Hants. She will be married next September to Captain Oliver Nelson, Royal Tank Corps, elder son of the late Major C. Nelson and Mrs. Nelson, of Hundred Way, Lymington, Hants.

(Continued on page D)

'Midst Mayfair Flowers

Witness the "revolt from monotony" in these inspiring Spring Suits. These pictures were taken in the Mayfair Flower Department at Marshall & Snelgrove—where you will soon banish all thoughts of Winter. Mayfair Flowers are Nature's counterparts which have won fame all the world over. Incidentally, they are made on the premises at Marshall & Snelgrove

Sunny Charm

In exquisite pastel Spring-like shades of stripe and plain wool Camaik, we tailor this two-piece suit for you. The double-breasted coat has the exaggerated swing back. Under this is worn an attractive dress finished with the new laced corsage. Made to order 25½ Gns.

Leisure

Ready for the Summer days, this attractive ensemble portrays one of many of our two-piece suits. It is carried out in the new "Nevawet" silk, the dress is designed with the blouse bodice of printed crêpe de Chine, finished with sash at the waist. The short coat has half-length sleeves. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 9½ Gns.

Suit Salon, Ground Floor.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
W.1

Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Fayer

Verity Mabel Reade

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reade, and niece of Crawfurd J. Antrobus, of Eaton Hall, Congleton, Cheshire. She is engaged to Humphrey James Kynaston Jacques, son of the late Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Jacques of Orlingbury Hall, Wellingborough, Northants.

Stuart Hamilton

Marjorie Eileen Playfair

Is engaged to Kenneth Waller, the well-known airman, son of the late Herbert Waller and Mrs. Waller, of April Wood, Field Place, Weybridge, Surrey. She is the daughter of the late Major G. R. Playfair and Mrs. Playfair, of 147a, Cromwell Road, S.W.5

Pearl Freeman

Juliet Mary Robinson

Is engaged to Michael Ryley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ryley, of Glenthorne, Oatlands, Weybridge, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Robinson, of 56, Grosvenor Street, W.1

Pearl Freeman

Lucilla Susan Webster

Is the daughter of the late G. E. Webster and Mrs. Webster, of 4, The Grove, N.6, and niece of Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, Australian High Commissioner. Her fiancé is John Cragge Guy, Colonial Service, Nigeria, son of the Rev. J. R. Guy, of the Fairway, Parkstone, Dorset

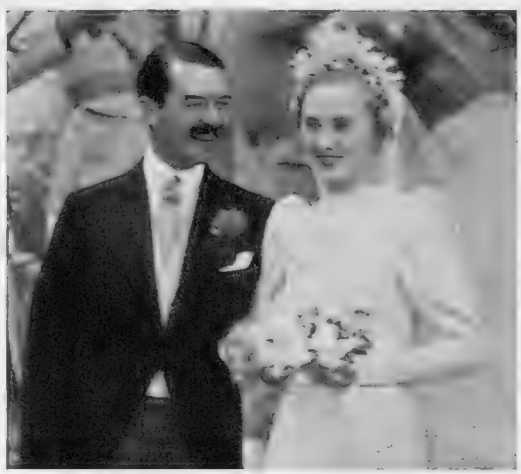
Pearl Freeman

Jane Mary Bannatyne

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. C. Bannatyne, of Burnbank, Sandhurst, Berks.; she is engaged to John Francis Whiteing, M.C., the Loyal Regt., youngest son of Capt. and Mrs. I. H. Whiteing, of Bisley Camp

Wylie—Wade

Surgeon-Com. John Wylie and Phyllis Wade, the international golfer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wade, of Queen's Park, Bournemouth, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly. He is the only son of the late Dr. Wylie and Mrs. Wylie, of Fulwood, Stewarton, Ayrshire



Mainprise-King—Lawrence

Captain Terence Mainprise-King, 3/2nd Punjab Regiment, son of the late Claude King and Mrs. King, and Ray Lawrence, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lawrence, of 103, Dudley Court, Upper Berkeley Street, W.1, were married at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi

Navana

Elizabeth Mary Forbes-Sharp

Is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Stuart Forbes-Sharp, O.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Forbes-Sharp, of Nablus, Palestine. She has announced her engagement to Brian Sutton Downward, of Karachi, India, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Downward, of Beckenham, Kent

We much regret that, owing to a mistake on the part of the photographer, we published a picture of Miss Diana Margaret Philpott with a caption announcing Miss Elizabeth Mary Forbes-Sharp's engagement in our issue of February 8th, p. B. A portrait of Miss Philpott with the correct caption appeared on p. B in our issue of January 25th

Peters—Stancomb

Ivo Peters, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ivo Peters, of Corston Lodge, Bristol, and Cynthia Winterstoke Stancomb, younger daughter of the late Frederick Stancomb and Mrs. Stancomb, of Ravenscroft, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, were married at Trowbridge Parish Church

Evans—Grantham

Fraser Gwilym Delano Morton Evans, younger son of the late H. Morton Evans, and Mrs. Morton Evans, of Llangennech Park, Carmarthenshire, and Deirdre Grantham, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. T. B. Grantham, of Toorak, Melbourne, Australia, were married at Christ Church, Mayfair

(Concluded on page K)

Jantzen.. for the games deck

At Left
Skipper jacket and trousers in grey worsted.

At Right
Moonflowerstyle 321. In Wisp-weight fabric with Lastex yarn, woven pattern. Quarter skirt 25/9

Going cruising? For the games deck, and for every waking moment of your cruise, Jantzen have created the most delightful outfits. Beautiful swim suits in many new fabrics, and slacks, jackets, shorts, play suits, sun suits, all tailored to a new high standard, a wonderful variety for your cruising wardrobe. See them worn and try them on in any of the best stores.

Send for Booklet to: **Jantzen Knitting Mills Ltd**
Great West Road · Brentford · Middlesex

BY APPOINTMENT

Henry Heath Ltd
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond St W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

'Snip' regd. Model 4629. Lightweight sports hat of finest felt. In all fashionable colours, 25/-. Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue.

AN EMPIRE NOTE IN LINGERIE

Josephine

EXCLUSIVE TO DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

Designed and created in our own workrooms

This delightful nightdress is in pure silk washing satin or silk ninon, with contrasting bands. In white/cherry, peach/sky, sky/mauve, primrose/hyacinth or without contrasting colours.

Average sizes, **39/6**
Larger sizes, **49/6**
(Sent on approval.)

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Langham 4444 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

All the spring news brought together for you in one outfit. Here is a frock undeniably to-day's, as every detail about it demonstrates. No prize is offered for enumerating its fashion points, but notice its swinging pleated skirt, and how the pleats are stitched over the hips to keep the outline slender. The tunic bodice gives a becoming line. The whole of it is tucked; see how cunningly the tucks are narrowed to define the waist, and how the brief jacket closes high and stops short at the smallest part of the waist. The colours are black and periwinkle blue; the materials silk crêpe and stiff petersham. You might wear this to a quiet wedding; and it would pay its way well, for, as any débutante managing her own finances will be quick to appreciate, without the blue jacket she has the perfect, basic, and most essential "little black." The outfit can be found in the Model Gown department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is, of course, just one example from a charming and practical collection—each frock designed with an eye to the engagement book, and each capable of answering a most satisfactory number of invitations

The ever-pleasant background
Player's Please
By all means, ma chère, dress with individuality, give your flair for style its head . . . but be firm about your Cigarettes. The wise ones never change; the ever-pleasant background in an ever-changing world is always 'Players'.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN . 10 for 6d . 20 for 11
N.C.C.472

"Tops" for Spring

The debonair, or the doll-like; you can take your choice. Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, who provided the hats for this page, tip a third "headline" as well—the bonnet. Those three, briefly, sum up the basic styles which will figure at smart functions from April onwards. Some women feel their particular height should be balanced by a large hat; let them look at the model at the top of the page. In fine black baku, it has a tall tapering crown and petersham and ciré ribbon in purple and green for trimming. The ample sweep of its brim contrasting with its narrow crown gives an impression of elegance and youth. The "pocket Venus" type will be suited by the lower model, with flower-pot crown and small brim. It is in black baku again, trimmed with a wreath of ciré flowers and a curtain of fuchsia-pink veiling. There is something insouciant and very charming about this hat. If your eyes are large enough to dub you "ingenue" ask to see the bonnets, notably a square-cut halo trimmed with hyacinths and a cloud of veiling. Sentimental? Perhaps; but charming

Scott Bushe

NORMAL SPENDING MEANS — *EMPLOYMENT*

NEW FUR MODELS AT SUMMER PRICES

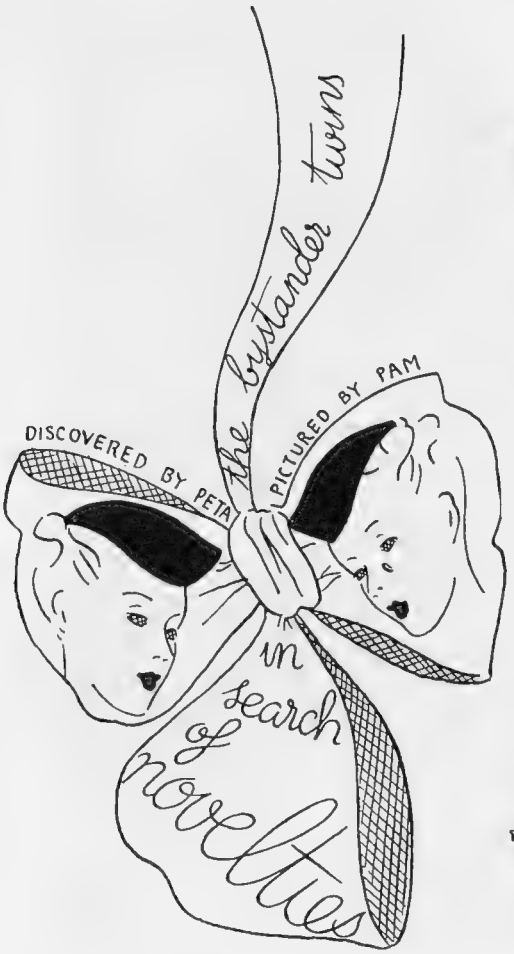
FUR DEPARTMENT — FIRST FLOOR

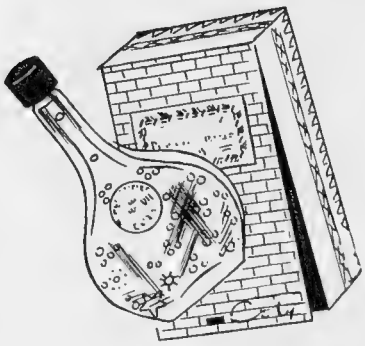
ATTRACTIVE COAT IN FINEST BLACK PERSIAN PAW–very sleek and glossy: suitable for smart wear. Made in our own Work-rooms.
SPECIAL SUMMER PRICE **29** GNS.

PERSIAN LAMB COAT in good quality well marked skins. Light in weight. Made in our own Work-rooms. Exceptional value.
SPECIAL SUMMER PRICE **59** GNS.

CANADIAN SQUIRREL COAT in an attractive shade of light brown. Suitable for Spring and Summer. Worked to resemble Ermine.
SPECIAL SUMMER PRICE **39** GNS.

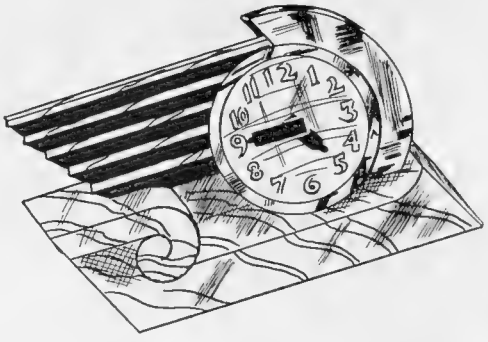
THE Jay's LTD. INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)



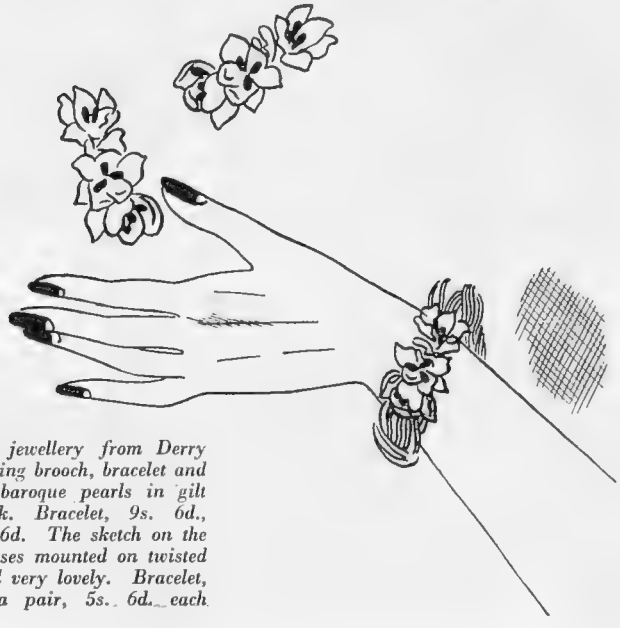


Luxury at an economic price—Bath Oil in your favourite Coty perfume; 12s. 6d. a bottle, but you need only 6 drops for a bath. This oil perfumes the body as well as the bath water, gives you a lingering fragrance. From leading stores, or from the Coty salon, 2, New Bond Street

"Trust in Coty and keep your powder dry" to misquote Cromwell. Here is your flapjack on a fob hanging from your buttonhole; on country walks you need never fear losing it. It will always be with you. Various coloured leathers, and with a swansdown puff, 15s. 6d.



The modern trend in time; an electric clock in chromium and two-coloured wood. Put it against a plain background, for it will steal thunder. On the right a christening present in "Peter Pan" silver; egg-cup, spoon and napkin ring are engraved with scenes from the story. Both from Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street



High-style, low-price costume jewellery from Derry and Toms. On the left, matching brooch, bracelet and ear-clips, "turquoise" and baroque pearls in gilt setting. Unbeatable on black. Bracelet, 9s. 6d., brooch, 5s. 6d., ear-rings, 3s. 6d. The sketch on the right shows mother o' pearl roses mounted on twisted gilt wire. Fragile-looking and very lovely. Bracelet, 10s. 6d., clips, 10s. 6d. a pair, 5s. 6d. each

Getting Married

(Continued from page D)

Fayer

Ruth Schreiber

Is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Schreiber, of Brookes Hall, Horsington, Templecombe, and is engaged to Lieut. Philip Stewart Francis, R.N., younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. F. S. Francis, of Champions Farm, Thakeham, Sussex

Lenare

Josephine Fleming

Is the elder daughter of Captain T. Vandermere Fleming, M.C., and Mrs. Fleming, of the White Cottage, Bexhill, and Campden Hill Court, W.8; her fiancé is Mervyn Child-Thomas, only son of Lieut.-Col. E. H. S. Child-Thomas and Mrs. Cyril Pope, of Quorn Lodge, Cowbeech, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Camille Clarry

Camille Laura Eileen Clarry, eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Clarry, M.P., and Lady Clarry, of 71, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1; she will be married this summer in London to Richard Henry Salmon, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Salmon, of 19, Queen Anne's Grove, W.4

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LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below:

FREEZOMINT
The leading brand of
CRÈME de MENTHE
APRICOT BRANDY
CRÈME de CACAO

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HOUSEHOLD DYEING AND CLEANING
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COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE. Tel. North 1173 (4 lines)
Carpets taken up and relaid. Country Enquiries Invited.

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Palm Court — Fourth Floor
Admission is Free, of Course

THE FINEST DISPLAY OF TELEVISION RECEIVERS IN THE WORLD—An opportunity to compare side by side all the latest models—His Master's Voice, Marconiphone, Baird, Pye, Cossor, G.E.C., Ekco, Ferranti, Burndept.
Prices from 23 Guineas or on our H.P. Terms

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THE WORLD'S TELEVISION HEADQUARTERS

Selfridge & Co. Ltd.

1.—The Bystander, March 8, 1939

A jumper suit to wear with equanimity right through the day. Bewitching black jersey, with a little bunch of ermine tails at the neckline, is darted to define the waistline and slim-fitting skirt. Sportswear Salon - - - 7 Gns.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Seventh Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 18th and 19th, 1939

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries closed March 4th.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 18th will be posted to each competitor.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 17th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (17th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1939, will be held at Hesketh, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 18th to April 21st. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: MRS. H. SOMERVILLE and MISS D. GREEN.

HOTELS

The address of MISS HELME during the Foursomes will be PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, SOUTHPORT. *'Phone:* Southport 4131. Special terms to competitors there will be—
14s. 6d. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
17s. 6d. ditto, with afternoon tea and table d'hôte luncheon in addition.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Southport are—

HESKETH PARK HYDRO HOTEL (nearest to course): from 12s. 6d. per day, all meals inclusive.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast.

PALACE HOTEL, BIRKDALE: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast. 15s. 6d. per day, all meals.

SANDHURST PRIVATE HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 9s. 6d. per day, dinner bed and breakfast.

SMEDLEY HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 14s. 6d. per day, all meals.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (8th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. STEPHENSON.

In conjunction with the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Hesketh during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 18th, to Friday, April 21st, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Hesketh, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change **in writing as soon as possible.** Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before March 31st should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. The eight pairs with the lowest joint handicaps will be seeded.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HESKETH **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Seventeenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Hesketh, on April 18th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone number* .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone number* .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 14th, to Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport. *Telegrams and Telephone:* Helme, Southport 4131.

25% OVER TOTE ODDS!

for places on 'single' each-way commissions is worth having—and you get this when you open a credit account with Duggie. In addition he pays 5% over TOTE PRICES for 'single' win commissions and offers a whole host of other advantages which have made Stuart House the "most famous in the world" for credit accounts.

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